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For the American Spiritualist.

Anniversary Poem.

BY J. C. SMITH.

Time marches on; we hear her velvet tread
In evening twilight and in morning red.
Her yearly task our dear old planet spins,
His journey never ends, and ne'er begins.
Still all along her pathway there appears
Mile-stones and land-marks of the fleeting years—
Great wars that devastate our fields with blood;
Days natal of great lives, ordained of God.
Great floods and fires that fill the heart with dread,
Days when the wise are numbered with the dead.
Thus great events are kept in memory green,
And the broad past is from the present seen.
When first the lightning on its cable steed
Flashed through the brine, its messages of speed,
How the heart glowed; and how the ready pen
Of verse and prose joined in a wild amen.
Yet when the wires that couple earth with sky,
Twenty-four years ago, were stretched on high,
We heard no chantings loud, no comely praise,
We saw no victors' wreaths, no poets' lays;
But from the press, the pulpit and the stage,
In spiteful jest or wild vehement rage,
All seemed intent to strangle at its birth,
This ast, this greatest child vouchsafed to earth.
Still down the cable came the words of cheer.
"Let hem run on, man's destiny is clear,
The church and forum may combine to kill;
Pilate and Herod join their might and skill,
Yet o'er the future never day shall rise,
In which man may not converse with the skies."
There's news from heaven, from yonder gorgeous spheres,
Form after form in radiant light appears.
Down the broad gulf-stream of eternal day,
On love's dear mission do they wend their way.
They come in kindness, human souls to win
From paths of ignorance, from lives of sin.
They come our darkened spirits to illumine,
And demonstrate life beyond the tomb.
Be ours the care, their counsels to attend,
And practice all the virtues they commend.
In God the Father, man the son, to live,
And free as we receive, so freely give.
No sacrificial altar do we raise,
No special priest to pray, or bless or praise,
But in all things, of earth, or sky, or air,
We chant our praises and we breathe our prayer.
In sylvan shades which nature kindly spreads,
From garish noon-day beams to shield our heads;
In feathered songsters, warbling notes of love;
In gaudy insects, flitting through the grove,
In bounteous light, the green enameled sod,
In flowers that yield their fragrance up to God;
In rolling rivers, bearing treasures blest,
Mountains, whose heads in purest azure rest;
Great seas and oceans; and the sedgy lakes,
And pools all hidden 'neath the shady brakes;
Clouds that career along the vaulted sky,
And stars that twinkle from their dome on high.
Day, with its glories in profusion shed,
Night, with its solemn silence overspread;
All things that live; all things that fade and die,
All things that creep; all things that walk or fly;
All that hath been, and all that e'er shall be,
In form or thought, in earth or air, or sea:
These are our priests; our altar stone the soul;
Truth, our companion, happiness, our goal.
Then welcome, messages from worlds of light,
Ye tend to guide our erring steps aright;
Ye teach the language in which God has graven
On all things known a prophecy of Heaven.
These telegraphic wires that pierce the skies,
Down which dispatches glide, up which they rise,
This cable grand, that stretches from the earth
To every spirit of terrestrial birth,
This is the master-work that crowns our age,
Whether of angels bright, or mortal sage,
The telescope that shows a perfect whole;
Nature and God, the body and the soul.
Then let the bigot wag his senseless tongue;
Let fools deride in jest and ribald song;
Let priests who preach for bread and pray for hire,
Or curse for spite, to everlasting fire;
Let them press on, the old familiar chase,
Truth to impale, and science to disgrace.
With heads erect and hearts serene and strong,
And thoughts turned sunward, let us move along.
Not blow for blow, but love for buffets give,
And teach these teachers how a man should live.
Whoe'er consorts with Heaven's undying truth,
And nought besides, has everlasting youth.
Then up, my fellows, yonder mountain's head
Is tinged with heralds of the morning red;
Truth all divine, in robes of purest white,
Is rising to dispel the gloom of night.
Welcome, great truth! Thy willing subjects now,
With bosoms bared, renewed allegiance vow.
Thy steps we'll follow: and thy regal smile,
All tears shall wipe; all sorrows shall beguile.
Soon may the relics of barbarian lore
Torment, like spectral images, no more;
Truth's heavenly light o'er all the ruin fall
The ivied column and the crumbling wall;
And every soul whose life in God began,
Live the great prayer—the prayer to be a man;
Not cramped by creeds, by sectaries restrained,
But healthful, normal man, as Heaven ordained.

WASHINGTON, March 31, 1872.

Address of Robert Dale Owen,

AT TERRE HAUTE, IND., MARCH 31ST, 1872, CELEBRATING THE
TWENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

FRIENDS,—Some one has recommended that a man should spend each recurring birth-day in a review of his past life, and of the progress he has made up to the close of its last year. Is it not well to spend the birth-days of Spiritualism? Or if that term seem inappropriate—since Spiritualism is coeval with man himself—we may at least say the days which, in this new country of ours, may, the most appropriately, be so called.

In the eyes of the civilized world, where does Spiritualism stand to-day? Is she despised? Is she respected? Has she won a reputable position among the other phases of religious faith? Let us see.

Twenty-four years ago, this very evening, when the most modern phase of Spiritualism first showed itself in a hamlet in the small town of Hydesville, and for many years thereafter, the popular notion grew to be that a superstitious epidemic, originating in Western New York, overtook millions of weak men and women, first in these United States, then in Europe or other parts of the world; creating in them a most unphilosophical belief. Namely, that there had appeared among us a modern dispensation, under which there were occurring marvelous events, without example in the past, and especially vouchsafed by God to this, his favored generation. The assumed theory was, that this new faith was the mania for the time; soon to pass away, like a hundred other ephemeral delusions.

But after a season, and particularly during the last few years, thoughtful men have been discarding such a theory; plainly perceiving that facts disprove it. Spiritualism, has, indeed, seemed from time to time, to be crushed to earth; but each time it has risen again, like a strong man refreshed from sleep. Now, it is only truth that persistently resists abuse, detraction, ridicule, and that rises, all the stronger, for revilings and persecution. Error dies among her worshippers.

Recently another theory has superseded the first crude notion, not only among the thoughtful and the religious, but among that careless class, the fashionable. A few days since I received the number for March 13th of the (New York) *Home Journal*, the chief organ in this country of the last named class. Its leading editorial of two columns, headed "The Debatable Land," gives as fair a view as I have seen, of what the outside world, when it is disposed to be candid, now says of us. Perhaps some one at the close of this address, will be kind enough to read it to you. Other influential journals have taken similar ground. So far as all this goes, it supplies evidence of a great battle fought and substantially won.

This article, without accepting the ultramundane explanation of spiritual phenomena, assigns to Spiritualism a reputable place as one of the great religious elements of the day; regarding it, in fact, as a phase of religious faith called forth in the nineteenth century by a reaction from the Materialism of the eighteenth. It speaks of science as the Materialistic element of the day; opposed, in its sceptical tendencies, by Spiritualism which (to use the editor's own words) "has won its successes in our own country where it arose, and in the chief centres of culture in England, France, Germany and Russia, the strongholds of the scientific movement, and the very focuses of the deepest insight and severest scrutiny."

Such admissions indicate a great victory. If we follow it up with prudence and courage, no man can predict how far we may go.

Let us now cast our eyes across the Atlantic and take note of what is going on there. Sergeant Cox—to those unfamiliar with English law-titles, I may say here, that the term *Sergeant* marks, in Great Britain, the highest legal rank under a Judge—Sergeant Edward Cox, author of a small English work in which he admits the phenomena, but ascribes them to an unknown power called by him "Psychic Force," is an eminent London lawyer. The editor of the *Journal* says of him and his theory;

"His Psychic Force, which he puts forth as a new discovery, is at present exceedingly indefinite, beginning where muscular force ceases, and covering the phenomena of the will and mind in their most individual and personal qualities. Essentially it is but a substitution of a generic term for a specific one. The pass-word of one party is: 'Spirits, are you present?' while that of the other is: 'Psychic Force, will you communicate?' Sergeant Cox, however, is particularly careful to assure the public that he is no Spiritualist—even that he rejects their theories as absurd. Nevertheless, we cannot help assigning him a place among the believers—the unconscious ones at least. His book may be taken as the best representative of the newest phase of the movement, while the older, more sentimental and religious form of development is fully set forth in Robert Dale Owen's volume on the 'Debatable Land.' We cannot but believe that these extremes will both

be benefitted by their nearer relations and better acquaintance. The one will lose something of easy credulity and indiscriminating sentimentalism, while the other will cast off something of the exuviae of materialism which now holds his vision too close to the opaque earth."

I should be very glad to shake hands with Mr. Cox, and to have a long talk with him, and I do not doubt that we should both be benefitted. I am quite content that my book should be regarded as "setting forth the older, more sentimental and religious form of development" of the spiritual movement. Nor am I disposed to deny that I may (as the editor alleges,) be too easily credulous, and too indiscriminately sentimental. We all have our idiosyncracies. I am not sensitive of mine.

I have corresponded with Mr. Wm. Crookes, who has taken the lead in English scientific experiments in Spiritualism. Like Mr. Cox, he still ascribes spiritual phenomena to "Psychic Force;" but he is now experimenting with Kate Fox, one of the best mediums in the world; and he has written to me that he will not hesitate to give to the public whatever conclusions future experiments may justify. I believe that he will keep his word, even though, in doing so, he may, for the time, imperil a high scientific reputation.

It is to be admitted, on the other hand, that the great majority of English scientific men still reject the phenomena. The editor of the *Home Journal* handles their prejudices without gloves. He says:

"Where a Socrates might recognize a divine voice, or a Milton rejoice in the companionship of 'millions of spiritual creatures that walk the earth unseen,' the purblind earthworm naturally can find nothing but delusion in others, with an addition of conceit in himself, that he accepts no revelation but that of the hammer, the blow-pipe or the scalpel."

Who would have believed ten or twelve years ago, that sentiments like these would be published to-day in a leading organ of "good society," in the city of New York. Am I not justified in saying that, if we act with foresight and courage, we must needs succeed?

With foresight, I repeat. We must look over the whole field. We must seek out, and make clear to ourselves, our true religious position. We should bear in mind, also, how we reached it.

The chief accessions to our ranks are from what used to be called "infidel;" and it was unnatural, and to be expected, that these men should bring with them into their new belief, some of their old prejudices. Orthodoxy had claimed for Christ (what he never claimed for himself,) that he was one of the persons of the Godhead. Rejecting this unfounded claim, Materialists have been wont to run into the opposite extreme; declaring that Jesus was "no better than other men;" scarcely qual, (some of them would say,) to Confucius or to Socrates. I, myself, was once a skeptic; and though I always revered the character of Christ, my estimate of that character was less exalted, in my younger days, than it has been since I became a Spiritualist. Formerly I did not believe he performed the wonderful works ascribed to him; but Spiritualism, showing me similar wonders, has convinced me that he did.

Again, though it be true that Spiritualism does not countenance Orthodoxy; that the doctrines of vicarious atonement, imputed righteousness, original sin, a personal devil, and an eternal hell are not to be found in its communications; yet, so far as my experience goes, there is not one of the grand teachings, coming to us from Christ himself which is not endorsed in revealings from the other side. And I know of no other Teacher, ancient or modern, of whom the same can be said. Socrates, perhaps, came the nearest to it.

I regard Christ—I say it with reverence—as the great FOUNDER OF SPIRITUALISM. He gave to the world its highest phenomena. He taught the world every one of its noblest lessons. In attestation of its most sublime truth—the doctrine of immortality—he appeared, after death, to his disciples,

Socrates, guided by his Guardian Spirit, was a fore-runner. He was as the Morning Star in the Heaven of Spiritualism, preceding, by nearly five centuries, the Sun, rising upon the spiritual world.

I speak of the teachings of Christ, himself, simple and unalloyed, substantially as we find them in the three synoptical Gospels, Matthew, Mark and Luke, the earliest records we have. And if any one think I am saying too much, let him read these three biographies carefully, keeping his mind, the while, free from all obscuring glosses, and all disfiguring adjuncts, whether coming from Paul or from any other source; making allowance, also, for more or less of error and inaccuracy in the biographers.

It is more difficult to do this than you may, perhaps, imagine. Christianity has been so perverted from its original simplicity by dogmatic commentary, so overlaid and shrouded up by misleading irrelevancies, and we have been so long accustomed to take it supinely at second-hand, instead of free and pure from the lips of its teacher, that it requires a vigor-

ous effort to shake ourselves loose from the preconceptions that have led us and our neighbors grievously astray.

Our opponents are wont to say of us that we seek to substitute Spiritualism for Christianity. I do not believe that, except of a small minority, daily diminishing, there is any truth in that.

As a general rule, with exceptions however, Spiritualists are not orthodox. As a general rule, also with exceptions, Spiritualists are Christians, in the primitive sense of the term. And, as a general rule, too, Spiritualists are Christians, not because of the historical proofs of Christianity, but because of its accordance with their own highest teachings from the spiritual sphere.

Historical evidence, many centuries old, sometimes suffices to establish the date of records. I think we have sufficient proof that the three earliest gospels existed, substantially as we still find them in the latter half of the first century. And that is about all that historical proof can do for us in the matter. For the rest we must trust to the spirit of the "Record" itself, when tested by our own moral sense of uprightness and justice—the highest of earthly tribunals.

We shall do well, also, in this connection, to note one acknowledged fact, of grand outline, familiar to educated man. It is this:

In what is usually called the civilized world, millions will say, if asked as to their religion, that they are not Catholics, millions more that they are not Protestants; but excepting the five or six million Jews, we shall not find there one man in a hundred who, if he has any religion at all, will say he is not a Christian.

If the Spiritual teachings, first heard in Galilee 1800 years ago, (aside from alien creeds) be not the religion of civilization, it has no other. What we may justly call the most enlightened portion of the world clings to these teachings, despite the deadening and retractive influence of alien creeds.

Spiritualists, believe, also, that if we seek in a fitting spirit, we may obtain, from a higher phase of being, a supplement to the teachings of Christ. Of course it is heterodox to say so. Orthodoxy believes in the Book, the whole Book, and nothing but the Book. Yet, as happens in regard to many other heterodox things, our belief in this matter is strictly Christian.

If you read the "Record" dispassionately, you can hardly fail to become convinced that Christ never intended his system as a finality. He said to his disciples just before he went to death: "I have many things to say to you, but ye cannot bear them now." Then he added that after his death, the Spirit of Truth would lead his followers "into all truth." Whether this specifically meant that his own teachings would, when the world could bear it, be supplemented by other truths, coming to us from the spirit world, I do not assume positively to say, but I think that interpretation of his words is more reasonable than any other.

On another occasion, Jesus declared that Spiritual signs should follow those who believed in his words; that they should do the works that he did, and greater works also. Orthodoxy restricts the application of all such sayings; Christ himself never did; and I prefer, in this, to follow Christ rather than his commentators.

Do not imagine, however, that I would have Spiritualists subscribe any set creed, heathen or Christian. As a modern Scotch Divine, speaking of the religious belief of the day, has expressed it: "Men thirst not less for Spiritual truth, but they no longer believe in the capacity of system to embrace and contain that truth, as in a reservoir."

I think some of our Spiritualists need a frank word of caution in regard to this matter. There are those who, with the best intentions, are too prone to set up, and trouble themselves about filling, a Spiritual Reservoir. All such attempts must result in evil.

Synods, Presbyteries, Convocations, assemble to prescribe forms of faith to their respective sects. An Ecumenical Council convenes at Rome to dictate the creed of the world. Be ye not like unto them. No General Convention of the Spiritualists of the United States, numbering, perhaps, some two or three hundred—no, nor if it numbered ten times as many thousands—can by resolving this or that for the millions who are at home, thinking for themselves, do aught but mischief. We neither question their zeal nor impugn their motives; but we do deny their authority. We want no Spiritual Ruler set over us; whether his or her title be High Priest or Pope, Ecclesiarch or President. I, for one, recognize none such.

If every resolution adopted in such a convention were just the right and prudent thing, still to pass it, in virtue of authority assumed to be delegated by seven or eight millions of people, does harm instead of good.

I have taken great pains, in a recent work which has already had a wide circulation, to set forth, in fourteen paragraphs, what I conscientiously believe to be the great leading principles on which intelligent Spiritualists unite. But if I were present at such a convention, and if any delegate should move to adopt these as the true principles of our belief, I should myself speak and vote against the motion.

There is another danger incident to these self-constituted conventions. It is that they are sometimes tempted to assume the right to endorse, for all Spiritualists, either in terms or virtually, principles and opinions—both just and important perhaps—which are not essentially connected with Spiritualism. This is an unwise course.

I have my own very decided opinion as to what policy of divorce is most just and merciful in itself, and the most conducive to public morality. I approve, substantially, as I have elsewhere freely said, the policy touching that matter which has governed, in our State, for the last half century. I have carefully observed its practical effect on our own population, and I am satisfied that these are all that could be desired. Yet if in any General Spiritual Convention, a delegate should propose to endorse, as sanctioned by Spiritualists, the very laws I thus approve, I should, if present, protest against the proposal.

So again, I firmly believe, as I hope many of you do, in woman's right to suffrage, and in the prospect of its speedy recognition. But what would you think of an attempt to ob-

tain a vote pledging the farmers of Indiana to support such a measure, at some meeting of your State Agricultural Society? For everything, in its order, there is fitting time and place.

I beg of you, however, to take note of my exact position in this matter. I trust no one so far misconceives my sentiments as to imagine, for a moment, that I object to the free discussion of any subject connected with human welfare, not in our spiritual newspapers alone, but in any public meeting where Spiritualists may chance to come together. To an enlightened Spiritualist, nothing that pertains to humanity or its sufferings, or its improvement, can be indifferent. But that is not, in any sense, the point at issue; it is something quite different. For the Spiritualists of the United States to elect a set of persons empowered to speak and to act for them, is impracticable even if it were expedient, and would be utterly inexpedient and mischievous, even if it were practicable. But in the absence of any such election, or any pretense of election, I recognize neither the right, nor of course the propriety, that any public body—let it assume what title it will—shall take upon itself to determine, as by the authority of the Spiritualists of this country, a single article of belief; or to commit the Spiritualists, as a body, to any side issues whatever. We condemn, in the orthodox leaders, their spiritual usurpation. Let us not ourselves imitate what in others we condemn.

I would have our public lecturers, also, speak on all occasions, boldly indeed, but modestly, and unassumingly also. I would have them, more especially, avoid all bigotry and all uncharitable attacks on the honest opinions of others. Let us build up an edifice convenient and beautiful. Then the old, worn-out tenements will be deserted in its favor. We need not trouble ourselves to pull them down.

A few words more, in connection with the foregoing remarks may be useful here. I by no means overlook the important results which may be obtained by concert of action. In union there is strength. There are useful and legitimate associations of Spiritualists—of which our own State Association is an example—its trustees incorporated for business purposes, and the Association never assuming to dictate beyond its proper sphere. We shall bid God-speed such a society, when it occupies itself in spreading abroad spiritual tracts, or in encouraging and aiding volunteer lecturers, going forth, as the Seventy did—without purse or scrip, too, sometimes—to preach glad tidings far and wide; or when it undertakes other similar duties.

The great utility of such an Association, in a different field, has been recently shown. Robert Barnes, a wealthy merchant of Evansville, left, by his will, to the Trustees of the Indiana State Association of Spiritualists, and their successors in office, for an orphan college, an estate valued at half a million of dollars. I may add that though, as usually happens in such cases, the heirs contest the will, there is the fairest prospect that the original intentions of the Testator will be carried out.

In expressing my opinions of what I deem the mischievous results of a General Synod, I have been governed by a strict sense of duty. And what I have said has been spoken with regret, because good and true friends of mine, who have done much for the cause, have been aiding in this movement. Yet I think I know them well enough to say that I am confident they will receive any strictures in the same spirit of charity in which I shall always receive any strictures of theirs on my own public conduct.

The general view I take of the matter may be thus summed up. What may properly be called Spiritual Epiphanyism is spreading as fast as its wise friends desire; but it is spreading not as a sect—nor ever, I trust to become such—not as a separate church, with its prescribed creed and its ordained ministers and its formal professors. It spreads silently, through the agency of daily intercourse, in the privacy of the domestic circle. It pervades, in one or another of its phases, the best literature of the day. It invades the churches already established, not as an opponent, but as an ally. Its tendency is to modify the creed, and soften the asperities of Protestant and Romanist, of Presbyterian and Episcopalian, of Baptist and Methodist, of Universalist and Unitarian. Its tendency is to leaven, with invigorating and spiritualizing effect, the religious sentiment of the age; increasing its vitality, and enlivening its convictions.

I would not, however, be understood as expecting that Spiritualism will effect all this, except in measure as its rich mines are wisely worked; nor as asserting, in a general way, that we, of the present generation, are worthy recipients of its revelations. There are millions of men and women among us who lack the judgment needed to prosecute with safety and with profit Spiritual research, just as there are millions more who have not the culture necessary to exercise judiciously the right to vote. In either case there is but one remedy: the millions must be educated up to the occasion.

The time to which I wished to restrict this address is exhausted, and perhaps I have said enough towards marking the importance of this phenomenal movement, and assigning to Spiritualism itself definite character and fitting place among the religious beliefs of the day. Though not a sect, it is doubtful whether any sect, exerting peaceful influence only, ever spread with the same rapidity, or made its mark during so brief an existence, on the hearts of so considerable a portion of mankind. It has already asserted its position. Though its truths are disputed still, yet, except by the ignorant or the hopelessly bigoted, they are no longer despised. The idea is gaining ground that its occult agencies may richly repay earnest research.

We find the following favorable notice of the above able address and the proceedings of the celebration in the *Terre Haute Daily Express*, which also published the address in full.—Ed.

The Spiritual society of Terre Haute celebrated their twenty-fourth anniversary yesterday, March 31st, at Pence's Hall. In the morning, at 11 o'clock, Mrs. Addie L. Ballou delivered a lecture upon "The Advent and Progress of Spiritualism."

In the evening, according to previous announcement, Hon. Robert Dale Owen delivered a lecture upon "The Position of Spiritualism as an Element of True Religion." Pence's Hall, in honor of the occasion, was brilliantly lighted, the walls, chandeliers, and rostrum were tastefully decorated with flags, pictures, and evergreens; in front of the rostrum were three arches, handsomely decorated with evergreens, pictures, and the national colors; at the top of the central arch was a transparency bearing the inscription—"Twenty-fourth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism."

Before the time appointed, the Hall was crowded. While the audience was assembling some very good music upon the organ was given by Mr. Kissner. At about 8 o'clock Mr. Hook introduced the speaker, saying an eulogy was not necessary, as Robert Dale Owen's reputation was well known to all. Mr. Owen said his visit to Terre Haute was a great pleasure, that he had feared something would have occurred to prevent it. He then said while he preferred, and usually spoke without manuscript, yet as he desired some things which he should say to be accurately reported, he would upon this occasion, read from manuscript. His address of near an hour's length, was listened to with great attention by as intelligent an audience as the city can furnish. It was a clear, calm, intelligent history and review of modern Spiritualism, of the highest, purest type.

Anniversary Address

DELIVERED BY CORNIE H. MAYNARD, MARCH 31, 1872,
BEFORE THE BUFFALO PROGRESSIVE ASSOCIATION.

FRIENDS:—We have met on this occasion to commemorate the Twenty-fourth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, and as many of our orthodox brothers and sisters to-day hold their Easter Festival, and are assembled around floral-decked altars to celebrate the resurrection of their Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, so may we, with like thanksgiving and joyous hearts, praise God that we live to realize and proclaim the advent of Modern Spiritualism, as the resurrected Savior and Christ of the nineteenth century; for do we not know it to be God's eternal truth; born from the beginning to redeem all mankind, but in all ages crushed to earth, reviled, persecuted, and again and again crucified by the Jews of bigotry, superstition and unbelief, and though entombed for ages in the sepulchre of ignorance and error, like the risen Christ of Calvary is again resurrected, and the glad news is heralded to a wondering world, through the tiny raps, heard in a little village, not far distant, scarce a quarter of a century since; and we, to day, are thus enabled to "shout the glad tidings" that the stone has again been rolled from the mouth of the sepulchre, that heaven's light hath once more invaded the darkness of the tomb, and the redeemer of the present age, *Spiritualism* comes forth to proclaim that Death, man's last enemy, is conquered, and comes to him but, "as a silent and welcome servant, who unlocks noislessly life's flower encircled door to show him those he loves."

The church has struggled eighteen hundred years to spiritualize the world, ten thousand temples throughout the land point their gilded spires to the sky, and yet not one ray of light is brought down to weary mortals, deep in the shadowy valley, to prove to them that there is a life beyond, and thus cheer them on their way heavenward; no, their doors have been closed to the angels' gentle rappings, lest the devil should come in and so, knocking in vain at their portals, they have sought the more lowly ones of earth's society and to-day millions of listening souls, in spite of church and creed, thankfully receive and heed the daily ministrations of these heaven sent messengers of love and truth, and hourly rejoice that,

"Their wondrous raps have touched a chord
Strung in the human breast,
Whose vibrations will fill the world
Till every soul is blest."

Aye, even now, over all the broad nation, the countries of the old world, and indeed on the far off islands of the sea, thousands of hearts are basking in the genial rays of this great truth, and when we note the rapid progress made by this "Living witness of God," sent to demonstrate the truths of immortality through the wondrous manifestations of the present day, and which are so rapidly dispelling and putting to flight, all doubts of a future existence, we cannot but exclaim, with delight and astonishment, that a change so great and mighty hath already been wrought in heart and home, church and state, throughout the land, and stand breathless, as we watch its onward rush to the accomplishment of the "exceeding weight of glory" yet to be outworked for all, by and through this divine messenger of Truth, who cometh unto all men, proclaiming the gospel of Peace, and Love, and Eternal Life, and though the world may rear the cross, plant the thorns and prepare the brutal soldiery, public opinion, to crucify and bear down the mighty revelations of to-day, they are founded in the heart of Nature, and the great and broad tree of knowledge, watered by the dews of Heaven, strengthened by the inspiring spirit of the Infinite; still droops its luscious fruits within the reach of mortals, and mankind have but to put forth their hands, partake and eat, and become as God's in reality, knowing good and evil, and knowing how to live in accordance with the life principle.

Spiritualism does not aim to establish anything on the earth but the simple principles of truth and justice, and to bring the precepts of true religion home to the hearts of men—not as convenient sentences to roll upon their tongues, to testify to a piety they have not, but as governing principles, which, shall clear the way for more active and purer lives, and opening the door to broader and better views of the present existence, give greater knowledge of the hereafter. Neither does it design to overturn old systems, save as they are found, as when God traced, on the walls of the ambitious king "weighed in the balance and found wanting," and even as the crumbling systems of institutions of past ages, when slavery and sensuality reared their altars; were weighed in the balance and found wanting" nor does it care or presume to raise a war cry in this world, sending the voice of condemnation into the very midst of the institutions of this nation and others, save as evil, wrong and rottenness are found at the core; then God's own hand will have placed the inscription there, "weighed in the balance and found wanting." Yet Spiritualism designs revolutionizing church and State, and to carry the warfare of truth into the very heart of the enemy's camp to overturn every usurpation and government that is wrong and impious, and to plant the pure banner of truth, love and noble principles, where now is trailing the blood-stained flag of darkness and wrong, and if there ever was a time when the voice of denunciation issued from the walls of Heaven against the ambitious erroneous thoughts and feelings of an aspiring angel; if there ever came the voice of denunciation against an impious people or against Babylon itself; there has been a war cry sounded over the battlements of Heaven against the inroads that vice has made into the hearts and souls of humanity, and God's own army leads this revolutionary spirit that is commissioned to take away the evil from among men; the evil which now stands forth like a giant opposing the onward march of progress. Is there no call for earnest effort on the part of the spirit world? Look! the church and the brothel stand side by side. Is there no call for revolution? See! there are the institutions of learning and the grogshop in juxtaposition. There they stand, the one casting its dark, sensual shadow, where only the light of purity should fall, and the other, where intellect reaches, with its noble strength, after the pearls that lie in the depth of the great ocean of life, and aspires to grasp, with the power of intellectual strength, the stary gems of the farther heavens. The debasing influence of alcohol wraps itself, like a serpent, round the brain of genius, and drags it to the lowest depths, and on all sides the arm of forcible law rather protects the vice than shields the victim, and so the waves of humanity, surging to and fro, cast the bloated wrecks of poor, frail mortality upon the sandy beach of time, each one in itself a monument of shame to the religion that claims to protect and shield the souls of God's children. Is there a call for reform? Let this be the answer, and if there need be more said, go to the halls of legislation, where evil, vice and corruption are carried to the utmost limit, almost, of possibility, learning such records as the eyes of angels dare not read, go there, and see if the religion of to-day is calculated to preserve spotless and pure the morals of society and the governmental principles of the nation, or give a right bias to the reconstruction principles even of to-day. Then let us see to it my brothers and sisters, that we, in our

efforts for reform do not forget to profit by the experiences of the past, or to learn wisdom from the lessons of to-day, and throwing aside all envy and bigotry, let us join hands with charity and reason, and thus be the better enabled to search into, receive and teach the great truth before us—ever earnestly “pressing forward, trustfully, faithfully, and lovingly, in the glorious pathway the angels are pointing out to us,” and remaining true to them and ourselves, we shall never need to regret the day we took up the cross to follow Truth and her votaries, even though she lead us to battle with the “most reverend errors,” and over the fallen bodies of many a worshiped falsehood and cherished prejudice—to earn the benisons of the victor-crowned immortals, who in the past “having fought the good fight,” are now urging us to follow in their footsteps, bidding us ever willingly

“Toil on in hope, and bravely bear
The burdens of our lot,
For earnest souls our labors share
And will forsake us not.”

Celebration in Cleveland.

MEETING OF SPIRITUALISTS AND SHAKERS.

Our correspondent at Cleveland has furnished us with an elaborate account of the Cleveland celebration by the Spiritualists and our Shaker friends, from which we extract the following:

On Sunday the Twenty-fourth Anniversary of the establishment of Modern Spiritualism was celebrated by the “believers” in Cleveland. A union meeting of Spiritualists and the Shakers from North Union was held in the forenoon at Halle’s Hall, Superior street. Twelve or fifteen of the latter “peculiar people” were in attendance, about a third of the number being men and the rest women. They occupied the platform and furnished all the music, singing their spiritual songs in their own peculiar manner. They sing in unison, but one part, keeping time with hands and feet to the cadence of the tune, the effect of which is novel and interesting to one unacquainted with their customs.

The exercises consisted of short speeches by various members of both societies. The first speaker was James Lawrence, a Spiritualist, who expressed the most implicit faith in the principles he professed, believing that theirs was the only true religion. A short address was then delivered by Elder James S. Prescott, of the Shakers. He is one of the most prominent members of this sect in the country, educated and intelligent, and “rooted and grounded in the faith.” Believing that his remarks will be read with interest by many, we print them in full:

It is with pleasure we accept your kind invitation to meet with you to commemorate the twenty-fourth anniversary of “American Spiritualism.” Its rapid spread through the world reminds us of the little stone cut out of the mountain without hands, which is beginning to roll and will continue to roll, until it fills the whole earth, and no human being can stay its onward march or arrest its glorious and triumphant achievements, because it is in the hands of a superior and higher power. The assurance we have had given to us of this fact, is from a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto we do well to take heed, and of which we shall speak more fully in the sequel.

The term “Modern Spiritualism,” implies ancient Bible Spiritualism, and if the former be true, so is the latter. This is being demonstrated beyond all controversy. It is not peculiar to America alone, it is becoming universal. It is spreading throughout Europe, Australia, and the Islands of the Sea. Its present form or phase is like the rising of the sun. It shines on the evil and on the good, on the just and on the unjust, without regard to nationality, age, sex, or color. We have known some whose moral characters were quite exceptional, who have been subjects of extraordinary spiritual gifts, on account of their physical organization being adapted to a particular form of spiritual development. But this is more to raise up fallen humanity to a higher plane of existence, and to show the divine impartiality and beneficence of the Allwise Creator, in the dispensation of His gifts than otherwise. True Spiritualism leads its subjects up to a plane as much higher and above the animal, the low, sensual, (*i. e.*, free lust,) as the Christ Heavens are above the earth.

The advent of modern Spiritualism to the world is the fulfillment of “the testimony of Jesus, which is the spirit of prophecy.” We well remember how anxious we were to have it take place. It was prophesied among us some years previous to its advent, that when the “spirit manifestations” had gone through every society of ours in the United States, they would go to the world in a form and phase adapted to the world, in a way and manner sufficient to convince the most profound skeptic. This prediction has been fulfilled to the letter, for the last twenty-four years, in a most marvellous manner. The work commencing with the alphabet and with the tiny raps was very significant; it showed conclusively that the work was progressive, something similar to a Lancasterian school.

But the end is not yet—the work is only begun. The law of progression is still its base, and will be its final crowning glory. There is another prophecy still more important, the fulfillment of which has been running parallel with modern Spiritualism for the last twenty-four years, which no one can gainsay or resist; whereunto, “we do well to take heed as unto a light that shineth in a dark place;” for this world, theologically considered, is a very dark place yet. We allude to the uncommon and unparalleled disasters and calamities visited upon the world, foretold in the Sacred Roll, given in 1843. We may call them the judgments of God, or what we please, the facts we cannot deny. But one thing we do know, that many of the awful calamities which are taking place in our day are brought about by outside combined elements, over which man has no control.

This prophecy that these calamities would come, was given at North Union, March 15, 1844, four years prior to the advent of “Modern Spiritualism” to the world. Although “spirit manifestations” had been going on among us six years previous they commenced at North Union in the summer of 1838. We speak of this prophecy in this connection only to show its fulfillment, and not its cause. These calamities are growing more serious every year; the awful destruction of human life and property is now almost without a parallel in history. We are no alarmists, but we cannot shut our eyes to facts which are staring us in the face in almost every newspaper we take up.

In going over the burned district in Chicago, last fall, we were solemnly reminded of the fulfillment of this prophecy, and the language of Jesus, “Think ye on whom the Tower of Siloam fell were sinners above all men? I tell you nay! Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.” To repent is to “cease to do evil and learn to do well.” Cease to violate nature’s laws, the laws of our being, which are the laws of God. If God governs this universe through His immutable laws by which we are surrounded, then whoever violates those laws must expect to suffer the penalty annexed for transgressors, whether they proceed from his own voluntary acts, or from outside elements over which man has no control; both are employed in the punishment of crime. Therefore obedience to

law is obedience to God; disobedience to law is disobedience to God. The law of nature is the law of God. And where is the law of nature more violated than it is in the reproduction of the human race, and the “social evil” connected therewith, under the specious pretext of fulfilling the first great command of God, *i. e.*, “to multiply and replenish the earth”—when we have evidence to believe that this is not their object at all, with but very few exceptions.

Were there any crimes committed in ancient times that brought ruin and desolation upon towns, cities, and kingdoms, that are not committed in our day? If the laws of God are unchangeable and like causes produce like effects in all ages of the world, what may we expect will be the fate, yet, of other large cities in America and Europe, not excepting Asia and Africa? But more especially, where the glorious sunbeams of “Spiritualism” are beginning to shed the genial rays.

We believe that God spake to our fathers by the prophets, and subsequently by His Son, who revealed God as Father, and in these last days had spoken to us by His Daughter, who revealed God as Mother; and it is her maternal influence that moves the world to-day in behalf of woman’s rights. Woman is man’s equal the world over; and there is no reason why she should not enjoy equal rights and privileges. She, as a free born citizen of the United States, has a right to vote and help make the laws. And we say let her vote, if she wants to—give her the ballot, the sooner the better; there will be no peace for the world until she gets it and is made equal.

In all ages of the world, God has manifested himself through agency, and that agency is human beings, men and women, brethren and sisters, subject to like passions with ourselves, and he is to-day speaking through thousands of mediums of both sexes, to spread abroad the glorious gospel of Spiritualism through the world; to dispel the darkness of bigotry and superstition, and to shed the light of immortality upon the darkness from the tomb; and to bring back the nations from the altars of devils to the temple of the living God.

Dr. A. Eddy, after a few preliminary remarks, said they were able to demonstrate, beyond a doubt, that their friends who had gone before were with them. It was to be regretted that some who had been “touched with angel hands,” to whom the wonderful truths of Spiritualism had been revealed, had abandoned the society, because they feared that the world would say of them. They were afraid to be Spiritualists because it was unfashionable. They must go to churches magnificently furnished with velvet cushions and tinselled ornaments.

They had read in the papers of a munificent offer by a citizen of Cleveland to build and endow a Unitarian church. He said Unitarianism was good as far as it went. It was outside of orthodoxy and had accomplished much for the cause of truth. But why did this gentleman, who knew the truths of Spiritualism, and in former days met with this society, bestow his princely liberality upon a “second hand” church, one that was far behind Spiritualism in its principles and doctrines. If Mr. Wade or any other person would donate five thousand dollars, the speaker would give bonds that he would convert the city of Cleveland to a belief in Spiritualism, within one year. But he believed this would be done anyway. Nothing could resist it. In two or three years more Spiritualism would be the all absorbing subject of the day. The coming Presidential election would, for a short time to come, partially engross public attention, but when that was over people would return to Spiritualism. The facts and truths developed within the past few years were such that the mouths of skeptics and unbelievers were almost entirely stopped. Spirit photographs, taken by hundreds and thousands all over the country, of whose genuineness there could be no shadow of doubt, were having a telling effect. They furnished an argument that could not be controverted, and even the scurrilous attacks of the press upon Spiritualism were being greatly modified.

Mr. Eddy narrated some of his own experiences with Rogers, the clairvoyant artist, who, while in a trance state, under the guidance of the spirit of Benjamin West, the great painter, produced in forty minutes a perfect painting, finished in oil, of his, (the speaker’s) wife’s sister, and in forty minutes a life-size portrait of Galileo, the philosopher. Spirit photography was a still further development, which he had noted with peculiar interest and care. He said that a man in New York who was engaged in taking spirit photographs was arrested at the instigation of Mayor Hall and tried for fraud, obtaining money under false pretences, but was honorably acquitted. The Cleveland newspapers had greedily seized and published the whole trial, but not one of them published the fact that he was acquitted.

Mr. Eddy went on to speak in detail of several instances that had come under his personal knowledge, where correct spirit photographs had been taken. At the close of the exercises he exhibited a number of specimens of this department of photographic art.

Watson Andrews, of the Shakers, said they had met as friends of the cause of reform. The aims and ends in the Spiritualists and Shakers were the same, and why should they not unite and work together? Other systems of religion had been of incalculable benefit to the world, but they had had their day and were dying out, and giving place to others. Himself was a living illustration of the power of true Spiritualism to save the fallen. He was once given over to dissipation, but had been saved by the Shakers.

Harriet Robinson, a Shakeress, then spoke with great earnestness. She said she was born in Florence, Erie County, Ohio, and that a few years ago, driven from home by persecution, being then a Spiritualist, she had taken refuge among the Shakers. She eulogized the earnestness, self-consecration and purity of those people. She spoke strongly in favor of placing woman on a perfect political and social equality with man.

A few remarks from George W. Ingalls, a Shaker, closed the programme. Meetings were also held in the afternoon and evening.

Midnight Musings.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

[The following selection from Irving, written over fifty years ago, evinces much of the spirit that pervaded his character and writings at that time, and which, no doubt, has had its share in promoting and spreading the Spiritualism of the present age. His conceptions and appreciations of the beauties of the Spiritual philosophy, stamp him as one of a high order of Spiritualists.]

I am now alone in my chamber. The family have long since retired. I have heard their footsteps die away, and the doors clap to after them. The murmur of voices and the peal of remote laughter no longer reach the ear. The clock from the church, in which so many of the former inhabitants of this house lie buried, has chimed the awful hour of midnight.

I have sat by the window and mused upon the dusky landscape, watching the lights disappearing one by one from the distant village; and the moon rising in her silent majesty, and leading up all the silver pomp of heaven. As I have gazed up-

on these quiet graves and shadowy lawns, silvered over and imperfectly lighted by dewy moonshine, my mind has been crowded by “thick coming fancies” concerning those spiritual beings which

“Walk the earth
Unseen both when we wake and when we sleep.”

Are there, indeed, such beings? Is this space between us and the Diety filled up by innumerable orders of spiritual beings, forming the same gradations between the human soul and divine perfection, that we see prevailing from humanity down to the meanest insect? It is a sublime and beautiful doctrine inculcated by the early fathers, that there are guardian angels appointed to watch over cities and nations, to take care of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy. Even the doctrine of departed spirits returning to visit the scenes and beings, which were dear to them during the bodies’ existence, though it has been debased by the absurd superstitions of the vulgar, in itself is awfully solemn and sublime.

However lightly it may be ridiculed, yet, the attention involuntarily yielded to it whenever it is made the subject of serious discussion, and its prevalence in all ages and countries, even among newly discovered nations that have had no previous interchange of thought with other parts of the world, prove it to be one of those mysterious and instinctive beliefs, to which, if left to ourselves, we should naturally incline.

In spite of all the pride of reason and philosophy, a vague doubt will still lark in the mind, and perhaps will never be eradicated, as it is a matter that does not admit of positive demonstration. Who yet has been able to comprehend and describe the nature of the soul; its mysterious connection with the body; or in what part of the frame it is situated? We know merely that it does exist; but whence it came, and entered into us, and how it operates, are all matters of mere speculation, and contradictory theories. If, then, we are thus ignorant of this spiritual essence, even while it forms a part of ourselves, and is continually present to our consciousness, how can we pretend to ascertain or deny its power and operations, when released from its fleshy prison-house?

Everything connected with our spiritual nature is full of doubt and difficulty. “We are fearfully and wonderfully made,” we are surrounded by mysteries, and we are mysteries even to ourselves. It is more the manner in which this superstition has been degraded, than its intrinsic absurdity, that has brought it into contempt. Raise it above the frivolous purposes to which it has been applied, strip it of the gloom and horror with which it has been enveloped, and there is none, in the whole circle of visionary creeds, that could more delightfully elevate imagination, or more tenderly affect the heart. It would become a sovereign comfort at the bed of death, soothing the bitter tear wrung from us by the agony of mortal separation.

What could be more consoling than the idea, that the souls of those we once loved were permitted to return and watch over our welfare?—that affectionate and guardian spirits sat by our pillows when we slept, keeping a vigil over our most helpless hours?—that beauty and innocence, which had languished into the tomb, yet smiled unseen around us, revealing themselves in those blest dreams wherein we live over again the hours of past endearments? A belief of this kind would, I should think, be a new incentive to virtue, rendering us circumspect, even in our most secret moments, from the idea that those we once loved and honored were invisible witnesses of all our actions.

It would take away, too, from the loneliness and destitution which we are apt to feel more and more as we get on in our pilgrimage through the wilderness of this world, and find that those who set forward with us lovingly and cheerily on the journey, have one by one dropped away from our side. Place the superstition in this light, and I confess I should like to be a believer in it.—I see nothing in it that is incompatible with the tender and merciful nature of our religion, or revolting to the wishes and affections of the heart.

There are departed beings that I have loved as I never again shall love in this world; that have loved me as I never again shall be loved. If such beings do even retain in their blessed spheres the attachments which they felt on earth; if they take an interest in the poor concerns of transient morality, and are permitted to hold communion with those whom they have loved on earth, I feel as if now, at this deep hour of night, in this silence and solitude, I could receive their visitations with the most solemn but unalloyed delight.

Dr. Frederick R. Marvin on Death.

A large and intelligent audience assembled at Plimpton Hall to hear a lecture on “Physical Death,” by Frederick R. Marvin. Long before the hour arrived people began to assemble, and on the appearance of the lecturer not a seat was vacant.

We have not space to report the lecture, which was a remarkable one both for its literary finish and scientific interests, but one paragraph so fully discloses Dr. Marvin’s position with regard to the doctrine of immortality that we give it in full.

“The dead are everything! They are everywhere—under our feet, over our heads, and on every side. They are in the solid earth on which we stand, the unfathomed oceans that girt our continents, and through the spaces of the air they ride on every wind. Not formless phantoms changed in the twinkling of an eye; nor spectra wrought from the texture of a dream; nor sentient vapors whose immortality consists in a defiance of the chemist and naturalist; but real and tangible in the perfume of the lily and the whiteness of the snow, the motion of the wave, and the hardness of the rock, the richness of the harvest, and the primeval grandeur of the forest.”

Christian Spiritualism.

BY LOIS WAISBROKER.

I attended the Anniversary at Watkins and we had a pleasant and profitable time, only I felt like objecting to the frequent use of the term "Christianity," in places where "Humanity" would have been more appropriate. Christianity has two sides, a human and a church side. The church side is the one from which it takes its name, and which I reject utterly. The human side is held in common with all mankind, and cannot be repudiated so long as the race exists, consequently all forms of religion have this side, and we have no more right to call it *Christianity* than we have to claim the human form divine,—the physical body a christian body. The truth is, church people are gradually accepting the fact of spirit intercourse, and at the same time striving to so explain and control as to subvert to the interest of church-anity, and we, who claim this grand truth in the interest of humanity, are catering to this aim in allowing ourselves to use terms in speaking of Spiritualism, which are capable of a double interpretation.

One good Bro. claimed in Conference at Watkins that Spiritualists are real Evangelical Christians. Now, this is the claim made by every new sect in Protestantism. It seems as if people are afraid to step off that platform. Another took especial pains to show that Spiritualism was more than twenty-four years old. Now that the facts of communion existed, were made manifest before that, and thousands of years before, is true, but the real significance of the law involved was not made manifest until it was conceded as a principle of universal application, accepted as a law of nature, instead of a mark of God's favor, as a miracle.

To illustrate, we will suppose that children in the past had been in the habit of keeping silence, only speaking occasionally, till after they were twenty-one years of age, and the universal belief was that they had no natural power to speak even then, but did so by express permission, and by delegated power from the parent.

How much progress, suppose you, would be made under such conditions? Now this is precisely the position occupied by past communications; while these of the past twenty-four years stand on the platform of natural law, universal principles. All the good there is in the churches belongs to humanity, instead of Christianity, therefore I emphatically declare that I am not a Christian. I am a philanthropist, a humanitarian, a free religionist, a Spiritualist, but not a Christian. Christianity claims to be better than humanity, I do not.

A good brother at the Lockport Convention objected to the above declaration, and said that it reminded him of the reformer who fried his meat in the tea-kettle in order to be different from other people. Now, Bro. Wheelock, you know how utterly impossible it would be for us to evade Christian claims in any such way, for should we do that or any other equally absurd thing and persist in it till it became popular, Christians would claim that they always believed in that way of doing—that it was the natural outgrowth of Christian teaching.

ELMIRA, April 5.

A Walk in the Wet.

To-day I enjoyed myself in a cheap and charming manner. I had a long walk of some three hours out in the wet. I have plenty of time on my hands, and might take the pleasure as regularly as my food, but I do not, and so the trip seems quite an epoch in my life, and something I cannot help talking about.

I live right in the heart of the city here, where the bells of the horse cars and the noise of busy feet, and all the hum of the Hub are heard from early morn to latest eve; and so the inducements for meditation and quiet rambles come rarely, if they come at all.

A year ago it was very different; I was then living in a small but pleasant village farther south, and could go out and enjoy myself all hours of the day, sure of the sweet breeze, the open fields, the retreat of the woods, and a thousand other charms which are here unknown. Looking back to that little home it seems a little haven of rest, beyond all expression beautiful. Oh, how rich to have known the sweets of solitude, the wanderings in the woods, the strolls by the sea, the gambols in the fields, and the whole tide of pleasant memories that come from those sunny days. I think I can never be too grateful for such experiences or say too much for their refining and beneficial effects. If our first parents lamented the loss of their Eden bowers, the memory of its perfect bliss must have done much to make them hope and work that the paradise might be regained. But it seems such things must be broken; indeed, I do not know how such tranquility could always remain; it was too heavenly, and yet the very peace grew from excess of beauty, tame and monotonous, I longed for activity and a trial of strength with the hard forces of the world. I longed to be up and doing something worthy of my manhood, and so a change was essential to my welfare, and the change came.

I removed here to the modern Athens, and have been pent up through the winter like the Northern bears, and feel about just as ill and look as poor therefrom. I lack strength, vitality and good cheer. I feel miserable and uneasy; the color has left my cheek, and the fire no longer gleams in my eye. For some time I have been ruminating on the unwished for change, and devising schemes to mend or righten it. But I did not feel myself equal to any great effort; I am languid and careworn, hopeless, helpless and indifferent to exertion. I do nothing but dream of the past and lie revelling in the fields of memory, reviewing its sweet pastoral joys and pain-forbidding round of innocent duties and delights. I turn to my childhood as to a pretty poem and pleasing charm. I think

of the hours of fairy enchantment I have known on my sick bed, with my little window opened for the morning air, and the bright light and the sweet harmonious music of nature. I live all this over and over again, as though under the influence of some narcotic spell that would extract all the pain from life and leave the pleasure in its pure potency. I ponder over these things too much; but the eye ever seeks the brightest, and if we pass by a golden glade with its background of spruce and fir, its thorny bushes, its varied flowers and mossy turf, watered by the pebbly rill; perforce we must stay and admire. And the free carelessness of youth, its solid enjoyment, its ripe satisfactions, attract and retain my fancy, reason, imagination, all combined. And to-day I thought I should like to see the fields once more and wander free as when a boy.

Now I can be idle, but I can be active as well; I can wish, but I can also work; so I determined to have a ramble. When I arose to put the will into execution, I found that it was just as wintry as possible, a dull, wet drizzling day—good for vegetation perhaps, but bad for either poet or painter, especially of the old school. However, I felt I must go out; a strong impulse was leading me, and I hold it unmeet to be delayed with trifles, or to trifle with spontaneous wishes that come as an inspiration to you, and so I ventured out. The leading thought was to get outside of the city, and so picking my way over the common and through the public garden, directed by Beacon street I went along towards Brighton avenue and the charming walks that branch therefrom.

I was like a boy let loose from school, pleased with everything—the color of the grass, the budding of the tress, the glistening of the rain—all seemed perfectly delightful. The birds were at play, the wind shook the boughs of the trees, and the sea was splashing in its narrow bounds, the blossoms strewn the way, and the whole formed a right pleasing picture to the wearied mind and a cheering enjoyment to the enervated frame. I cared nothing for horse, carriage or the locomotive help, I felt strong in myself and able to walk full many a mile. I went forward through the still roads, looking down the branching streets and paths with real delight, and when thoroughly tired, retraced my steps with lingering pride till once more I entered the city and reached my home. I intend to have more of such pleasures, rain or fair, bright or dark, and so drive away despondency and dullness, and bring health, strength and experience that may serve to while away some of the calm hours of the good old age I hope to attain.

'Tis thus we store for future need,
The wayside flowers that bloom to-day,
And make our thought result in deed,
And shed abroad its fruitful seed,
To rise when it has passed away!

A. PERIPATETIC.

E. V. Wilson vs. Dr. Slade.

BY GEORGE WHITE.

I know nothing personally of the genuineness of the spiritual appearances at Dr. Slade's, but I know that the slate writing in his presence is no humbug, and so do hundreds of others. The visible appearance of spirits at Dr. Slade's, has also been attested by respectable witnesses, who testified that they saw and identified their departed friends. Lately a woman by the name of Case living upon Dr. Slade's generous charity, disappointed it is said, that she could not be Mrs. Slade, (out of revenge for her failure) circulated *suspicious* that Dr. S. was a deceiver, and her story was published in the N. Y. Sun. The *Evening Telegram* of March 18, thus comments upon her testimony, "Tho' I am far from subscribing to the maudlin theories of the long-haired tribe of mediums, yet judged by her own words and acts her evidence is not worth a button. Call Slade a trickster, an impostor if you will, but the charge cannot be established on this woman's evidence. Notwithstanding, Bro. Wilson has assumed the probable reality of her suspicions, and upon this assumption charged Dr. S. with deceiving men, women, and children, himself among the number. He says, 'You have made them retail your falsehoods that others on their testimony might come to your room to be swindled and robbed of their money, that you might wear diamond rings, precious stones, living in royal estate, holding the hand of the pure-minded men and women in yours, *pretending* to tell the truth, yet breathing a lie.' The above is the language of the gentle, the charitable Wilson! If this is an exhibit of Dr. Slade's friend, what must be the virulence of an enemy?

But we purpose to disprove the false inferences of this disappointed woman by counter-testimony, and first by E. V. Wilson himself. Bro. Wilson, were you at Dr. Slade's room in New York a few weeks ago, and did you state in your column of the *Journal* that your father's spirit then and there appeared to you, head, face, beard, neck and shoulders? "I did." Did you speak to him? "I did." Did he answer you? "He did." Was there a striking resemblance between you and him? "There was." Was the resemblance so distinct and clear as to leave no room for doubt? "It was." Did you in your published account assert that what you there related was strictly true? Did you say, "We saw it," (the appearance of your father), "Dr. Slade saw it," and we know whereof we write? "I did." See R. P. *Journal* of February 24, 1872.

This is pertinent testimony which no sane man would set aside for negative assertion, and we leave it for Bro. W. and Dr. Slade's defamers to reconcile. The genuineness of these appearances are vouched for by a gentleman of New Haven, at whose house Dr. S. has visited since the publication of Mrs. Case's expose. Mr. Hermance states the house where the manifestations occurred, was his, the furniture his—the cord and cambric curtain procured by him, and all the surroundings were of such a character that Dr. Slade, aside from his wonderful medium powers, could no more have produced or assisted in producing those manifestations without my knowing it than he could overturn my house by whistling

at it. The gas lights, he says, would be perceptibly raised or lowered as the manifestations seemed to require, and one spirit form appeared between the curtain and the table. A young man who died in that city two years before appeared life-like, and was recognized by the father and mother and two young ladies. Dr. Slade had never seen the young man, and could not, if he was disposed, counterfeit his likeness. See AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST of April 6, 1872. To conclude, Bro. Wilson owes it to the truth his suspicions have outraged—the character of a Brother medium he has so unmercifully and without just reason assailed, and to the angel host, the agency of whom his censure of Dr. Slade has denied to make good his charge or acknowledge his error.

WASHINGTON, D. C. April 7th, 1872.

Ancient and Modern Mediumship--Continued.

THE STORY OF SAMSON.

It is sometimes alleged that modern mediumship tends to immorality, and churchmen delight to point us away from the debasing manifestations of to-day, to the holy lives and deeds of ancient worthies. Let us examine a few of them; commencing with the medium Samson.

It was common in the older and more ignorant ages of our race to clothe the advent of remarkable personages, with a robe of superstition. Hence the birth of Isaac, Samson, Jesus, John, Krishna, Hercules and others is represented as being miraculous. Samson's advent was heralded by an angel, his mediumship appears to have commenced quite early in life, for we read—Judges 13, xxiv-xxv. "And the child grew and the Lord blessed him, and the spirit of the Lord began to move him at times," etc.

It appears that by the aid of the "Spirit of the Lord," he killed a lion, "rent him as he would have rent a kid" without any weapon whatever. This feat is almost equal to some of those attributed to the Grecian Gymnast, Hercules—though far less useful. The strangling of monsters and cleansing of stables had apparently great public utility, while the killing of a lion—a "young" one at that—possessed but little merit beyond the neighborhood where it transpired.

The story of that lion, however, has a sequel to which I desire to draw careful attention, for in that sequel lies the moral lesson of the entire tradition. A swarm of bees made a hive of the dead lion's carcass, and stored therein the sweet product of their labors. Samson discovered this fact and after helping himself liberally to the honey, and carrying it away in both hands, he made the curious bee hive the subject of a riddle. The young medium appears to have been quite vain over his first attempt at riddle making—and so confident was he that none of his companions could solve it—that he offered to bet with thirty of them at once—one against a host that none of them could unravel the mystery.

The terms of the wager were definitely fixed by Samson's proposition. These thirty men were allowed seven days for guessing, and the forfeit was to be thirty sheets and thirty suits of clothes. The puzzle was this, "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness."

Well, it was rather a tough subject, as these thirty young men acknowledged. They badgered their brains over it for six full days, to no purpose. On the seventh, however, they learned the secret from Samson's young wife, and just before sunset, told him the lion and bee-story. Now read the 19th verse of the 14th chapter of Judges.

"And the Spirit of the Lord came upon him, and he went down to Ashkelon and slew thirty men of them, and took their spoil and gave change of garments unto them that expounded the riddle."

There it is: Samson like some modern gamblers, had bet property he did not possess. For all that appears to the contrary, one suit of clothes was all the man owned, but he recklessly bet thirty and lost them. If some modern medium should peril his honor at the gaming table and lose thirty dollars, while he only possessed one, what would the clergy say of him? Of course they would say, let him be disgraced and punished by the harshest rule in the gamblers code—and in that case I think the clergy would be right.

But among ancient mediums a different practice prevailed. Samson had visitations from a spirit they called "The spirit of the Lord." Now see how the thing was managed. "The spirit of the Lord came upon him, and he went down to Ashkelon and slew thirty" men and stripped them bare. These thirty murdered men had each a suit of clothes on his back, and this just filled the bill—Samson's honor was preserved, for he paid the wager. Debts of honor, you know, are considered very sacred among gamblers. Good for Samson.

But seriously let us look at the moral lesson inculcated—"The spirit of the Lord" is here represented as aiding and abetting the worst crimes on record, wholesale murder and robbery, thirty homes made desolate; and for what? To enable a reckless gambler to pay a gambling debt, made under circumstance that rendered payment impossible except by crime.

If I knew of any modern medium wicked enough for this, I would shun him as I would the small pox, and if I knew of any communicating spirit, base enough and vile enough to aid such medium in like crimes, I would retreat as far from him as possible repeating the service of the "regular succession," Good Lord deliver us." J. C. SMITH.

"They are brave who dare to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are brave who calmly choose,
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink,
From the truth they needs must think;
They are brave who dare to be,
In the right with two or three."

PEOPLE'S CONVENTION.

The undersigned citizens of the United States, responding to the invitation of the National Woman Suffrage Association propose to hold a Convention at Steinway Hall, in the city of New York the 9th and 10th of May.

We believe the time has come for the formation of a new political party whose principles shall meet the issues of the hour, and represent equal rights for all.

As women of the country are to take part for the first time in political action, we propose that the initiative steps in the Convention shall be taken by them, that their opinions and methods may be fairly set forth, and considered by the representatives from many reform movements now ready for united action; such as the Internationals, and other Labor Reformers,—the friends of peace, temperance, and education, and by all those who believe that the time has come to carry the principles of true morality and religion into the State House, the Court and the market place.

This Convention will declare the platform of the People's Party, and consider the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States, who shall be the best possible exponents of political and industrial reform.

The Republican party, in destroying slavery, accomplished its entire mission. In denying that "citizen" means political equality, it has been false to its own definition of Republican Government; and in fostering land, railroad and money monopolies, it is building up a commercial feudalism dangerous to the liberty of the people.

The Democratic party, false to its name and mission, died in the attempt to sustain slavery, and is buried beyond all hope of resurrection.

Even that portion of the Labor party which met recently at Columbus, proved its incapacity to frame a national platform to meet the demands of the hour.

We therefore invite all citizens, who believe in the idea of self-government; who demand an honest administration; the reform of political and social abuses; the emancipation of labor, and the enfranchisement of woman, to join with us and inaugurate a political revolution, which shall secure justice, liberty and equality to every citizen of the United States.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.
ISABELLA B. HOOKER.
SUSAN B. ANTHONY.
MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE.

You are respectfully requested to authorize, at your earliest convenience, the use of your name to the above call, addressing your reply yes! or no! to Mrs. Isabella B. Hooker, 10 Hubbard st., New Haven, Conn.

THE PARTY OF THE PEOPLE TO SECURE AND MAINTAIN HUMAN RIGHTS, TO BE INAUGURATED IN THE U. S., IN MAY, 1872.

We, the undersigned citizens of the United States, believing the time has come for the formation of an entirely new party whose principles shall meet the vital issues of the hour purpose to hold a Convention in the city of New York, on the 9th and 10th of May, 1872, for the purpose of constructing a platform and considering nominations for President and Vice-President—the first so broad as to include every human right, and the last, the best possible exponents of every branch of reform.

Some of the reasons, which render this step necessary, are as follows:

We charge on the present Government, that in so far as it has not secured freedom, maintained equality and administered justice to each citizen, it has proven a failure; and since it exists without the consent of the governed, therefore, that it is not a republican government.

We charge it with being a political despotism, inasmuch as the minority have usurped the whole political power, and by its unscrupulous use prevent the majority from participation in the government, nevertheless compelling them to contribute to its maintenance and holding them amenable to the laws, which condition was described by its founders as absolute bondage.

We charge it with being a financial and military despotism; using usurped power to coerce the people.

We charge it with using and abusing millions of citizens who, by the cunningly devised legislation of the privileged classes, are condemned to lives of continuous servitude and want, being always half fed and half clothed, and often half sheltered.

We charge it with gross and wicked neglect of its children, permitting them to be reared to lives of ignorance, vice and crime; as a result of which it now has more than five and a half millions of citizens over ten years of age who can neither read nor write.

We charge it with having degenerated from its once high estate into a mere conspiracy of office-holders, money-lenders, land-grabbers rings and lobbies, against the mechanic, the farmer and the laborer, by which the former yearly rob the latter of all they produce.

And finally we indict it as a whole, as unworthy of longer toleration, since rivers of human blood, and centuries of human toil, are too costly prices to be demanded of a people who have already paid the price of freedom; nevertheless, such was the price demanded and paid for a slavery, which, in point of human wretchedness, was comparatively as nothing to that which still exists, to abolish which it promises to demand still more blood and greater servitude and toil.

In view of these conditions, which are a reproach upon our civilization, all persons residing within the United States, regardless of race, sex, nationality or previous condition; and especially Labor, Land, Peace and Temperance reformers, and Internationals and Woman Suffragists—including all the various Suffrage Associations—as well as all others who believe the time has come when the principles of eternal justice and human equity should be carried into our halls of legislation, our courts and market-places, instead of longer insisting that they shall exist merely as indefinite, negative and purposeless theories—as matters of faith, separate from works, are earnestly invited to respond to this call and, through properly constituted delegations to join with us, and in concert with the National Woman Suffrage Association to help us to inaugurate the great and good work of reformation.

This reformation, properly begun, will expand into a political revolution which shall sweep over the country and purify it of demagogism, official corruption and party despotism; after which the reign of all the people may be possible through a truly republican government which shall not

only recognize but guarantee equal political and social rights to all men and women, and which shall secure equal opportunities for education to all children.

Victoria C. Woodhull, New York City.
Horace H. Day, New York City.
Anna M. Middlebrook, Bridgeport, Conn.
L. E. De Wolf, Chicago, Ills.
Ellen Dickinson, Vineland, New Jersey.
Theodore H. Banks, New York City.
Mary J. Holmes, Memphis, Tenn.
Ira B. Davis, New York City.
Laura Cuppy Smith, Cal.
E. H. Heywood, Princeton, Mass.
Ellen Goodell Smith, Philadelphia, Penn.
Hon. J. D. Reymert, New York City.
Marilla M. Ricker, Dover, N. H.
Horace Dresser, New York City.
Marie Howland, Hammon, N. J.
A. G. W. Carter, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Addie L. Ballou, Terre Haute, Ind.
Hon. H. C. Dibble, New Orleans, Louisiana.
M. S. Townsend Hoadley, Lynn, Mass.
R. W. Hume, New York City.
Martha P. Jacobs, Worcester, Mass.
John M. Spear, San Francisco, Cal.
E. Hope Whipple, Clyde, Ohio.
J. K. Ingalls, New York City.
C. Fannie Allyn, Washington, D. C.
John Brown Smith, Philadelphia, Penn.
Col. Henry Beeny, New York City.
Elvira Hull, Vineland, N. J.
Dan'l W. Hull, Hobart, Ind.
E. G. Granville, Baltimore, Md.
Jonathan Watson, Titusville, Pa.
Mrs. S. H. Blanchard, Worcester, Mass.
Newman Weeks, Rutland, Vt.
John Beeson, Chapinville, Conn.
Mrs. B. W. Briggs, Rochester, N. Y.
George R. Allen, New York City.
J. H. W. Toohy, Providence, R. I.
Belya A. Lockwood, Washington, D. C.
Jonathan Koons, Taylors Hill, Ill.
W. F. Jamieson, Chicago, Ill.
Dyer D. Lum, Portland, Me.
Thomas W. Organ, Yellow Springs, Ohio.
Mary A. Leland, New York City.
B. Franklin Clark, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dr. E. P. Gazzam, New York City.
William West, New York City.
Hon. C. C. Cowley, Boston, Mass.
L. K. Coonley, Vineland, N. J.
Moses Hull, Vineland, N. J.
Hon. John M. Howard, New Orleans, La.
Prof. E. Whipple, Clyde, Ohio.
Harvey Lyman, Springfield, Mass.
L. Bush, Jamestown, Tenn.
G. W. Maddox, New York City.
Mrs. J. H. Severance, Milwaukee, Wis.
T. Millot, New York City.
Cornie H. Maynard, Buffalo, N. Y.
B. S. Brown, Buffalo, N. Y.
S. J. Holley, Buffalo, N. Y.
Harriet B. Benton, New York City.
Frances Kingman, New London, Conn.
Hannah J. Hunt, Delta, Ohio.
Fred. S. Cabot, New York City.
T. C. Leland, New York City.
S. J. Fowler, Brooklyn, N. Y.
John Orvis, Boston, Mass.
Carrie Lewis, Cleveland, Ohio.
Jane S. Griffin, New York City.
Michael Scanlon, New York City.
Joshua Rose, New York City.
Louise B. Flanders, Malone, N. Y.
William Hanson, New York City.
Jane M. Wilson, Brooklyn, N. Y.
John Little, New York City.
J. T. Elliott, New York City.
Thomas Haskell, West Gloucester, Mass.
Mrs. A. E. Mossop, Sturgis, Mich.
D. B. Marks, Hallsport, N. J.
J. H. Severance, Milwaukee, Wis.
Josiah Warren, Princetown, Mass.
Jane Case, Oswego, N. Y.
Frances Rose McKinley, New York City.
Danvers Doubleday, New York City.
Dr. J. H. Hill, Knightstown, Ind.
Geo. R. Case, Norwich, Conn.
Alfred A. Smith, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
Lucy Coleman, Syracuse, N. Y.
Mrs. Dr. Raymond, Syracuse, N. Y.
Mrs. George, Syracuse, N. Y.
Mr. S. D. Fobes, Syracuse, N. Y.
Mrs. C. B. Forbes, Syracuse, N. Y.
A. Orvis, Rochester, N. Y.
Dr. A. G. Wolf, Mystic River, Ct.
Emily B. Rood, Fredonia, N. Y.
Nathaniel Randall, M. D., Woodstock, Vt.
Thomas Marston, Philadelphia, Pa.
Otis F. Porter, Bridgeport, Ct.
Seward Mitchel, Coonville, Me.
Thos. J. Schofield, Nephi City, Utah.
D. C. Coleman, Philadelphia, Pa.
Daniel Wood, Lebanon, Me.
C. S. Middlebrook, Bridgeport, Ct.
Nettie M. Pease, Chicago, Ill.
Angela T. Heywood, Princeton, Mass.
John Hepburn, Milwaukee, Wis.
W. H. Dibble, Middleton, Ct.
Ellen M. Child, Philadelphia, Pa.
Wm. H. Westcott, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mary J. Thorne, Philadelphia, Pa.
Alfred H. Love, Philadelphia, Pa.
C. B. Rogers, Philadelphia, Pa.
J. H. Rhodes, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa.
Frances Croker, New York City.
Anna Kimball, Parker, New York City.

NOTE.—All who wish to unite in this great movement and who, in good faith, approve this call, will address in writing, with full name, to either of the above—who will immediately verify and forward to the undersigned for the Committee of arrangements in New York.

Tickets of Admittance to the Convention prepared for each Delegate, will be ready by the 8th of May—and to avoid confusion, no person will be admitted to the floor of the Convention without such tickets.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL,
44 Broad street, New York,
Or, B. FRANKLIN CLARK, Sec'y Com.,
55 Liberty street, New York.

New York, March 30, 1872.

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29 Beekman Street, New York City,

Invocation to the Angels.

BY MRS. ADA E. COOLEY.

Come, oh, loving angels near,
Be within our midst to-day;
We would feel that you are here
Teaching us the better way;
Let us not beseech in vain.
See fair childhood, youth and age,
Joyfully convened again,
Hungering for truth's bright page.

Long our spirit eyes have been
By the clouds of error blind,
Truth there was, but dimly seen,
You have taught us seek and find;
And, by reason's light, to scan
All creation for a sign,
To behold God's glorious plan—
Life eternal, love divine.

Then, oh loving angels, come,
Guide us with your counsel sweet,
Tell us of the spirit home,
Where all souls immortal greet.
Help us read God's works aright,
That we may not go astray;
Free our souls from errors might,
By the light of wisdom's day.

PHENOMENAL.

OUR LATE FELLOW TOWNSMAN, MR. MOSES BRONNER, SEEN BY ONE OF OUR CITIZENS IN NEW YORK, AT THE ROOMS OF DR. HENRY SLADE.

I feel an obligation to make an exact statement of facts as seen by me when in the city of New York some three weeks since, at the rooms of the spiritual medium, Henry Slade. Though exposed by the reporter of that bright luminary, the *New York Sun*, some time previous to the facts which I will now relate, with a friend I visited the medium in the day time, and each one of us received a communication through what is called the slate manifestation. To be more explicit, Dr. Slade gave me a slate, also a small bit of pencil, which was placed on the slate. I placed the slate under the table and pressed it upward against the table leaf—the small bit of pencil being between the slate and the leaf. Slade's hands in the meantime were on top of the table and he did not touch the slate. One long since dead gave me a communication in writing. The friend with me also received a communication from his wife while he held the slate beneath the leaf of the table. Satisfied with the results of our meeting in the day time, we left. In the evening I visited the rooms of the Dr. the second time, for the purpose of seeing spirit faces. Dr. Slade gave me every facility for close scrutiny, and that which took place should forever silence those who have time to expose Mr. Slade—at least with every man and woman laying claims to common honesty, and who will not ignore the testimony of their own senses. Every part of the room I examined, moved every article of furniture, and I know that there was not a wire, neither any paste-board faces, as stated by one Mrs. Case. I had the management of preparing the room for the manifestations. The same table used for the Slade manifestations was used in the evening. Let me state that the room was not dark. It was lighted with gas, and I could see to read. At Moravia, Mrs. Andrews retires into what is called a cabinet. Mr. Slade sits at the table. I took a piece of black cloth, about a yard long and three-fourths of a yard in width, and suspended it in the center of the room by a narrow tape. The position in which I placed it enabled me to see under, over, and both sides of the cloth. Out of the center of the cloth was a piece removed about sixteen inches square. The fact I sat down at the table with Dr. Slade, took hold of both his hands and very soon something about the size of my hand appeared at the opening. Dr. Slade, very much excited, released his hands from mine, and tore away the curtain with this remark, "See if any one is behind the counter." I knew no one was there; for I took the precaution to lock the only door in the room when I examined it. For the second time we took our seats at the table as before. Soon a full sized face appeared and as soon vanished. A second time the face appeared at the opening in the cloth, and I recognized it at once as Mr. Moses Bronner, late a merchant of the city of Rochester. Being well acquainted with him, I know I was not mistaken. I even saw a mole on his face. The face vanished, and then a third time made its appearance. This time, to be more positive, I asked if he was not such a one, and he shook his head. I asked "Are you Moses Bronner?" and bending the head forward three times I was satisfied, and will take my oath to-day in any court that the facts as stated are true. In conclusion, let me say that whoever says I was deceived, and that Dr. Slade used trickery—wires, pasteboard faces, or had the assistance of others—they do what the boy did when he lied.

M. G.

Rochester Express, April 9.

Manifestations at Newburgh, N. Y.

MR. A. A. WHEELLOCK—DEAR SIR:

We regret very much that we could not secure a hall for you to Lecture in last Sunday in our place;—very much indeed does this place need Spiritual food; it has been fed on nothing but the dry husks of *Old Theology* as yet; here and there you will find a Spiritualist who takes a Spiritualist paper. We want more light; many here I believe would gladly throw off the shackles of bigotry, if they had courage to withstand the scorn and ridicule of the orthodox churches.

Last Saturday and Sunday we enjoyed a real feast of spiritual food. Dr. Henry Slade, of 210 West Forty-third street, New York, came, by request, to visit my family; and Oh! what light and truth, and real joy he brought with him! We, in-

deed, felt that Heaven was very near us, for wherever this truly good, noble man and faithful, honest medium sat, there the good angels would manifest themselves to us! If in the parlor, they would rap on the furniture as an evidence that they were there; at meals they would rap on the table to assure us of their presence; questions were asked and properly answered, and on my asking if they could move the table, it did shove off quick, leaving those at one end to follow their table, else wait for the spirits to bring it back to them, which in one instance they did.

The doctor had several calls for sittings and all those received good evidence that their spirit friends can, and do, communicate with the children of earth. Sunday afternoon the doctor was influenced by Dr. Davis (one of his controlling spirits), and gave us a very eloquent address; also a Scotchman's spirit controlled him, and entranced he played a piece entitled, "The storm at sea." It was very beautiful indeed. Dr. S. cannot play in his normal condition. We produced an accordion which the doctor held by the end of the bellows, with one hand, the other resting on the table in plain sight of us all, when the spirit played "Home, sweet home," "The last rose of summer," and other airs, making most beautiful, heavenly music. At times we could plainly see the spirit fingers playing and once we distinctly saw the whole spirit hand! At nearly all the sittings the furniture would move around the room. A very large heavy mahogany bedstead, as much as a man can push across the room, repeatedly shoved clear across the room without any one being near it.

We made a black muslin curtain, such as I saw at the doctor's, about one and a quarter yard's square, with an aperture cut in the centre. It was done without his knowledge; and after fastening it up, I asked the doctor if he would try, he said he would; and at the first sitting, which was with a lady and gentleman from Poughkeepsie, they distinctly saw their spirit friends.

Then my husband, daughter and myself, all sat, and although the weather was so bad, the air thick and heavy, as it had been raining hard; yet we plainly saw the hands and felt them clasp our hands several times; then our little Claud came up in front of the aperture, and then vanished. We distinctly saw the outlines of a child's face, several times, so, dear friend, I can doubly affirm that all these beautiful manifestations through Dr. Slade's mediumship, can as well be seen with him anywhere—where harmony dwells and conditions are favorable—as in his own house; for it was thoroughly tested here; not only by my family, but by skeptics also, who hardly yet dare face the ridicule and say it was spirits; but they declare it to be indeed wonderful, and that if they had not for themselves seen it, they could not have believed that such wonderful things could have been done without the aid of human hands! Since the Doctor left us some of these manifestations still continue; and I rejoice to know that some of the angel influence that follows that great and good man has been permitted to remain in our family. At each meal, as when he was here, the raps came on the table, at meals, and at our asking, the table will move without human contact! We have three in our family, who are said to be mediumistic; and I think the Doctor's good and powerful influence has very much helped their development.

Pardon my seeming boldness in writing you; but I feel that too much cannot be said to impress upon all, who may have read the base slanders published in the *New York Sun* in February, [and to our surprise copied into a Spiritualist paper, the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*] against Dr. Slade are absolutely false. Never can I forget the Doctor for his kindness to me and mine. Through his mediumship the spirit world has been unlocked to us; now, instead of the old, dark, gloomy theological faith, that no one can see through, and that all my life I tried so hard to fathom; we can have communion with the pure spirits of the beautiful summer land, daily living so near heaven, that its beautiful music we often hear; while loving spirit friends guard our sleeping hours. Truly, 'tis heaven begun on earth.

For twenty years I was a professor and member of the Dutch Reformed Church here. I earnestly tried to live right and do as the creed of the church commanded; yet, its doctrines were dark and mysterious to me, and I, like a "drowning man" grasped at the only straw I saw. Nearly two years ago my husband's sister died, and the scales dropped from her eyes ere she departed. She at one time declared she saw spirit friends, among whom were my two little children, who had passed over eight years before her death. I was so impressed with her vision, that I told a friend of it, and she happened to be a Spiritualist, and directed me to Dr. Slade; and last May I called on him for the first time. He did not know me or where I came from, not even my name; and as I sat at the table with him, I received beautiful communications from my children on the little slate, independent of him, with their names in full, together with directions to go to W. Mumler, spirit artist of Boston, and they promised to come and try to show themselves to me. I went last August, and Mr. Mumler, as well as Dr. Slade, was a stranger to me. I sat for my picture, and when it was brought out, I perfectly recognized my dear Linda standing on one side of me, and our dear boy Willie on the other side. My father's spirit stands a little back, yet plain to be seen; and with her arms clasped around my neck stands my mother's sister, a dear aunt, who passed over about twenty-five years ago, and her picture has been fully recognized.

When this glorious light dawned on my soul, I so gladly made known to friends here the joyful tidings. I made known to friends in the church the wonderful manifestations given through Dr. Slade, and soon I found that I was the subject of

ridicule and slander. It was proclaimed throughout the church and city of Newburg, that I was insane. I wrote to the pastor: asked him to call and see me, which he soon did; I told him all my experience with the spirits, showed him my pictures, which he said were wonderful, yet said he thought it might be the work of the devil. I asked for a letter from the church, but they refused to give me a letter of dismissal, but urged me to remain in the church; but I said no, I can't profess one thing and believe another. I said I never did admire Peter's principle of denying the master just because of popularity's sake. I would go out bearing the church's reproach, for I truly believed in spirit communion, and I could not assume the character of Peter. Since then, many shun me for my faith in the beautiful truths of Spiritualism; yet, notwithstanding all the ridicule and scoffing we, as a family, have received, we are happy, oh! so much happier than ever before; I pity those who coldly pass me with a sneer, and pray, from my inmost heart, that the almighty spirit of all truth and the good angels will soon help to tear away the thick mask that covers their eyes; that shuts from their sight this beautiful light from heaven; that soon they will see and receive in their hearts the truth of spirit communion, and they too live daily in communion with dear ones who have passed over only a little while before us, to their spirit home. I receive the *AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST*, would that many more would subscribe for it here. When we can have the Hall for a lecture I will write you.

NEWBURG, N. Y. April 10.

MRS. T. B. CRANS.

Investigate.

[From the Medium and Daybreak.]

"He who will not reason is a bigot;
He who dares not is a coward;
He who cannot is a fool."

The quotation is a bold but truthful one, and I use it to illustrate the position so many occupy in relation to the teachings of *Modern Spiritualism*, the growth of which frequently forces itself for consideration on those most prejudiced and those caring least about it.

Let us see, if possible, what this modern "ism" is, that we should fear to be identified with it. Its great fundamental fact, at this late day, can hardly be questioned by even the most bigoted. The evidence that disembodied spirits can and do communicate to embodied ones is admitted by nine out of ten who honestly investigate the matter, and who are not afraid to truthfully record their verdict after having done so. If some otherwise scientists and the masses have not become convinced of this great fact, the bigotry of one and the ignorance of the other are responsible, and not the non-existence of the proof. Here in America, especially, the court of inquiry is always open, and, if not wrongly informed, investigation is not difficult even in conservative England.

No one is justified in denying the claims of the "spiritual philosophy," or anything else, when entirely unlightened or ignorant on the subject, or even partially so; neither is one justified or wise in accepting its claims until compelled to do so by the establishment of facts pertinent to the case. Those who willfully shut their eyes and ears to the phenomena are "bigots."

The great cardinal fact of Spiritualism is not susceptible of proof by the longest or ablest article ever written on the subject. Everyone must investigate for themselves; by doing which the proof so gained is beyond doubt, and often involuntarily received; but rather than ignore their senses they are forced to admit its truth, though not always in a very loud voice. Why is this? "It wouldn't do, you know"—"It isn't expedient"—"Why, it isn't respectable"—"What would Mrs. Grundy say?" These are some of their excuses. In fact, they could not bear to hear the cry of "humbug" they formerly and so loudly called others who had the "moral pluck" to proclaim themselves believers. They place a seal on their own lips for fear. These are the cowards.

The "fools" (who are nearly always the majority) are those that let the subject go by default, being perfectly indifferent to it—whose minds rarely soar beyond the pursuits of this life, only occasionally to hurrah at the utterances of a thought projected from somebody else's brain. They maintain the stolid indifference of the woman out West, who seeing her husband engaged in a fight one day with a bear, calmly viewed the contest, encouraging with a smile and a "go it" both the bear and her husband, which ever happened to be uppermost. In time this class will become bigots, the bigots become cowards, and they in turn will muster sufficient courage to proclaim what they know to be true, whether "Mrs. G." likes it or not. Why not? Is it not a false feeling, and rather the result of education, that we should be ashamed to exercise the same amount of reason on a subject of such vital importance as we do in our respective callings of labor?

If Spiritualism is not true, what have we to fear from investigation? If it is true, we cannot know it too soon. "Of what good is it?" cries one. "Are Spiritualists any better than other folks?" cries another. The *qui bono* of the New Philosophy, and the moral elevation of its disciples, are matters not now pertinent to the case, but can and will be answered whenever the question arises.

If it is wrong to exercise our reason—if it's wrong to abide by its decision after such exercise—in fact, if it's wrong to be right—why then we can consistently shut our eyes to a philosophy that expands our reason—that gives us a *why* and *wherefore* for everything—that teaches us to do good for the sake of the good and humanity—that invites us forward to be partakers of knowledge (instead of faith)—that removes superstition—that teaches us to live a principle instead of professing one; and, above all, demonstrates—as no other religion, science, or "ism" has done—the "immortality of the soul." Until we feel and know all this is wrong, we are not justified in pooh-poohing and ignoring its claims and teachings, or branding those as impostors who have outstripped us in their zeal for knowledge. So we still point to the truth of the above quotation, and if it only incites the three classes therein named to a pursuit, argument, and investigation of the subject of *Modern Spiritualism*, we fear not for the result, nor are we afraid to subscribe ourselves to the "cause," however unpopular it may be.

CLEVELAND, O.

THOMAS LEES.

Mrs. Amelia Johnson, of Southbury, Conn., who killed her drunken and brutal husband on the 21st of January, has been discharged, the jury holding that she shot him in self-defence.

Foreign Correspondence.

MESSRS. EDITORS: It cannot be denied by those who intelligently scan the aspect of passing events that in many quarters the time is rotten ripe for change. Free speech, the ultimate of free thought, is surely over-turning the errors and superstitions which everywhere abound, riving and rending them to their very cores. Perhaps the most notable examples in this direction will be found embodied in the protests of Fathers

DOLLINGER AND HYACINTHE

against the doctrines of papal infallibility, as promulgated from the Vatican at Rome, by the present occupant of the papal chair; the effect of which has been to cause a rupture and division in the Romish Church. The results that will inevitably develop out of this disunion in that church may readily be estimated when we take into consideration the fact that the church of Rome bases its claim to be the only true and legitimate church of Christ, on the universal harmony which has hitherto existed within its component elements, triumphantly pointing to the numerous sects and parties into which the Protestant church is divided, exclaiming at the same time that its want of unity is a true sign of the illegitimacy of its claim to be the true church of Christ; and gratuitously arrogating to herself the proud prerogative that she denies her younger sister. The thin end of the wedge being thus inserted by the repudiation upon the part of their eminent Romish prelates of the doctrine of infallibility will eventually burst the bonds and illumine the darkness that has so long fettered and bedimmed the intellects of so large a portion of the human race.

And further as there is a general tendency to reconstruction in the social and political relations of humanity, we may soon expect a considerable accession to the ranks of literary vagrancy a race condemned by the world as a dangerous class, yet, like their opposites, the social vagrants, creatures created by principles of false conservation, social on the one hand, intellectual upon the other; yet in the case of these outspoken champions of truth, where are they to find a home? Who shall receive them and give them consolation in their day of adversity? There is but one home for them, and that is under the broad

BANNER OF SPIRITUALISM

where beneath its pure, white folds, the good and true, the earnest and the thoughtful of all countries and all religions are alike free to express their highest convictions and live out their noblest aims and aspirations. Spiritualism possesses all that can interest and enlighten humanity, since its science is MAN—its philosophy, his individual and general relations, and its religion is LOVE.

PHENOMENAL SPIRITUALISM

has lately received a fresh impetus in this country in a most remarkable manner, and in a way that bids fair to excite more attention than ever to the subject; first, we have had a very great prodigy just revealed to our senses in the person of Master Charles Swan, a youth, fourteen years of age, who has been developed as a painting and drawing medium of great power and excellence; and the spirits have also developed the healing power with very good results. I have seen some of the pictures drawn under the influence of Hogarth, and the identity of that great artist is self-evident, a full account of this youths mediumship is to be found in our valuable monthly *Human Nature* for March, and I am sure Messrs. Editors, the interest it would give your readers would amply compensate you for the trouble of transferring it to your columns. The second development is in connection with a phase medial power that has hitherto been confined to your side of the Atlantic, I refer to the taking of

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS

through the mediumship of Mrs. Guppy, a lady of whom I am sure many of your readers must have heard in connection with the flower manifestation, if not, a very good account is contained in the Year Book for 1871, but I append extracts from the *Medium and Daybreak*, of 15 March, in explanation of the first spirit photographs taken in England—the account is written by Mr. Guppy, husband of the lady above referred to, he is a gentleman of independent means, and can have no incentive to state aught but the truth:

On the 4th inst., I accompanied my wife to Mr. Hudson, photographer, 177, Palmer Terrace, Holloway Road, to have her picture taken for some cartes de visite. After her sitting was finished I asked her to try an experiment, to see if I could get a spirit photograph. I arranged the drapery, sitting myself in front of a screen of black cloth, my wife being behind it. While so sitting, waiting for Mr. Hudson to bring the prepared plate, a wreath of artificial flowers was placed on my head. Mr. Hudson brought the plate, took and developed the picture, which showed a draped figure, in white, standing behind me. My wife was dressed entirely in black, and neither she nor I had any idea of trying for spirit-photographs when we went to Mr. Hudson; in fact, the idea only entered into my head five minutes before I put it into execution. We tried again, and got another curious figure of white drapery, with an opening in it resembling the ace of spades. The third time we tried, I arranged the drapery, so that instead of one large background, two curtains met. This time the black curtain appears to have been drawn aside, and there is white drapery with a dark place in the centre.

Two days after, Mr. Hudson had sent me the proofs, and Miss Houghton called on my wife, and seeing the proofs, begged her to step over with her to Mr. Hudson's and make a trial. Three pictures were taken of Miss Houghton. In the first there is a veiled figure behind Miss H., and a spirit-hand on Miss H.'s shoulder, and she felt the pressure of the hand; in the second there is a veiled figure, in which there are indistinct traces of a face; in the third there is no figure; but Miss H. felt her hairpin (a tortoiseshell with a cross) removed, and above her head are three illuminated points representing a cross.

As far as I know, these are the first positively and indubitably spirit-photographs taken in this country. They are neither very handsome nor very perfect, but they show a spirit-power of acting on the salts of silver much stronger than anything I have seen from America. I shall not reply to any supposed

doubts, as other pictures of the same sort will be taken in a few days, of persons of distinction. Mr. Hudson (177 Palmer Terrace, Holloway Road) will show the pictures to any person who calls on him, and he is authorized to sell copies.

If you think proper, before inserting this in the *Medium*, to call at Mr. Hudson's and inspect for yourself, and give the public any opinion you may form, you are quite welcome to do so.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, SAM. GUPPY.

1 Morland Villas, Highbury Hill Park, March 12, 1872.

And as independent testimony is also valuable, I also send you that of James Burns, the editor of the *Medium*.

[I have much pleasure in corroborating the statements made in the above letter. I could not rest until I had seen these recent marvels of phenomenal Spiritualism, and took the first opportunity that presented to do so. When I entered Mr. Guppy's residence on Monday afternoon, I was just in time to intercept him, as he and Mrs. Guppy were about to accompany Mr. Harrison to Mr. Hudson's, in order to try an experiment. Mrs. Guppy and Mr. Harrison went on in advance, Mr. Guppy, my father, and myself, following in a few minutes. When we arrived at the studio Mr. Harrison's sitting was over and the photographer was issuing from his dark room with the plate already developed, on which an outspread hand appeared about eighteen inches above Mr. Harrison's head. It was a beautiful and distinct picture in every respect, the spirit-hand being as solid and well-defined as if it had been a picture of a physical hand. It was proposed that I should sit, but no spirit-manifestations appeared on the plate, at which I was not surprised, as I am a very decided non-medium. My father also sat, but with the same result. Perhaps the powers whereby the spirit form is produced had already been exhausted. It is impossible that this hand could have been caused by any trick or deception on the part of the person operating. The black curtain is so large that no one could reach over it or from behind it in any direction; and, if so, the act could be seen in the picture, since there is no slit in it through which the hand could be introduced. The ripple or folds of the curtain are also quite undisturbed where the spirit-hand is situated, so that it could not have been produced by an artificial hand being stuck on to the curtain. The photographs previously taken are very curious, and exhibit great physical power. The first taken portrays a well-defined blotch of whiteness, quite unlike the exhibition of a white cloth, and indicating, great energy in the spirit-operators to produce such a decided effect. Miss Houghton's pictures have a hand introduced nearly touching her shoulder, but the light in this instance is less. Seeing that Mrs. Guppy is such a powerful physical medium, it may yet happen that spirit photographs taken in her presence will be more positive and physical-looking than those from America. The readers of the *Medium* will await with great interest the further development of these experiments. J. BURNS.

Therefore, after all, you see we are gathering to ourselves some of those flowers, hitherto I believed to be, indigenous to America.

In my next I hope to have something to say about a pamphlet by a sergeant-at-law, E. W. Cox, F. L., F. R. G. S., entitled,

SPIRITUALISM ANSWERED BY SCIENCE.

Though displaying great powers of observation, I think the learned sergeant is somewhat deficient in the matter of reflection, since his reputed answer appears to be more far-fetched than the hypothesis he endeavors to supersede. I sincerely regret to see in the last number of your paper, that Bro. Wheelock is in a horizontal position. I trust by this time that the vitalic currents have resumed their potency, and that the useful A. A. W. has regained the perpendicular again. With kind regards to all, I will now say adieu for the present.

J. J. MORSE,

Progressive Library and Spiritual Institution, 75 Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W. C., Eng

Foreign Correspondence.

MR. PEEBLES: Accept my best thanks for THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, with your "Review of a Reviewer," so powerful in argument and language. The duty of a Spiritualist is a treble one: To learn, to teach, to fight; and you seem unwilling that anybody should do it better than yourself. May God speed you in your good work.*

And now, dear friend, can I make capital of your good nature by begging you to send some spirit photographs from America? You cannot imagine the effect they produce upon the Italian mind, and how likely is the sight of such an object to spur investigation. I speak from experience.

I have succeeded in forming a circle here, and we get most interesting manifestations through the mediumship of Sapia, a poor girl of sixteen, whom the circle is obliged to provide for. When I get more settled in my new habitation, I shall write an account of her peculiar mediumship in "Human Nature."

Remember me most kindly to Mrs. Hardinge and others, and accept for yourself every good wish and prayer from your sincere friend,

G. DAMIANI.

NAPLES, Italy.

The "Religio" and Dr. Slade.

"SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS."

[From Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

From the beginning until now, mediums have been exposed, and all their manifestations demonstrated to be frauds. But still the world rotates on its axis, and other tricks come up and repeat themselves with wonderful pertinacity, and so our enemies are kept in employment. We can understand why those whose occupation is in danger take up false reports and circulate them to our damage; but why an old established Spiritualist should jump at an opportunity to spread broadcast improved charges against one of our oldest and most useful mediums, is a mystery which even spiritual philosophy fails to explain. Sometime ago the New York *Sun*, obeying the impulse of its nature, common to the secular and pious press, published a lengthy expose of Dr. Slade. This was hastily copied into the *R. P. Journal* with great particularity, even to diagrams of the rooms. The haste was indecent. The *R. P. Journal*, with full knowledge of the history of the secular press, with no authority but a single person—without another man or woman of

all the multitudes who are daily witnesses of the wonderful manifestations occurring in the presence of Dr. Slade, coming to her support nevertheless prints this expose. No inquiry was made into the motives, character, or capacity of the witness; but the unsupported allegations of that witness were greedily accepted, as against ten thousand well attested facts, of the most tangible kind. What then could have induced the *R. P. Journal* to follow the suit of the *Sun*, except a morbid desire to show the world at large, that the editor of that paper was most ready and eager to expose the slightest attempt to practice on human credulity. Others had and still have the same opportunity as the woman who furnished the *Sun* report, to visit Dr. Slade, and confirm her statements. But up to this hour a second witness is not found.

If we were surprised at the indecent haste in copying the *Sun* article appending a suspicious editorial, we were shocked at the course of E. V. Wilson, a medium, against whom the world entertains serious doubts, notwithstanding his thousands of tests. We will venture right now that Dr. Slade makes fewer failures than Bro. Wilson, and is now doing more to convince sceptics, and does not blow half so much about it. The same may be said of numerous other mediums.

We fail to see what right Bro. Wilson has to indulge in such "plain talk," to any medium, as he administers to Dr. Slade in the last *R. P. J.* Certainly he is not pope, except in his own conceit, to which conceit we do not object unless it is offensively paraded to the detriment of others.

He arraigns, tries and condemns, denounces him as a fallen man, gives judgment against him on *ex parte* testimony, mourns his fall, kindly offers to take him back, and finally concludes to ask the culprit if he is the villain the judge has made him. "Are you the villain the New York *Sun* represents you to be, or can you clear your skirts of these charges? If you can, do it without delay."

The innocence of all criminals is assumed until their guilt is proven, all doubts go to the benefit of the prisoner at the bar; he may prove an alibi—and thus establish his innocence; but he is not bound to do this. Ten thousand witnesses stand forth in attestation of Dr. Slade's mediumship—one woman asserts, does not swear, and dare not, that she detected him in frauds. On this the *R. P. J.* are in general, and E. V. Wilson in particular, accept his guilt, arraign, accuse, denounce, condemn, exhort, lament, sniffle, and plead for the reformation of the sinner. "Oh Henry, how you have fallen!" All this sounds very much like hypocritical cant.

We are sorry that any Spiritualist paper, or any medium, or any soft pated believer or pretended believer in the new science of life, should be so ready to take up a railing accusation against any medium with no better authority than a common enemy.

"When Jesus was reviled, he reviled not again." Dr. Slade, by advice of his guides, is moving on in the even tenor of his way, giving what he gets and feeling under no obligation to be ready to meet the requirements of any man or woman who may come "a thousand miles to demand that he shall produce her departed husband."

Notwithstanding his unwillingness to attempt to coerce the spirit world, and the material conditions necessary to those manifestations, the spirits continue to come, as numerous competent witnesses are ready to testify. On one occasion the face came forward of the curtain and bowed to the party, and projected a hand holding in it a flower.

We now appeal to the *R. P. Journal* and E. V. Wilson. "Oh, how ye have fallen!" Who will again have confidence in you? What shall we say to the thousands of the readers of the *Journal* who have accepted Bro. Jones as their oracle, and of the friends of E. V. Wilson, who have had infallible tests through his infallible mediumship? How are the mighty fallen! The leaders gone astray! the teachers teaching falsehood; the protectors converted into devouring cannibals. Many of your converts and pupils have gone to the Summer Land; imagine their feelings as they contemplate your fallen condition from their starry home! We call upon you in the name of an outraged community, in the name of all the slandered and persecuted mediums in the world, past, present and future—in the name of universal and practical humanity; in the name of all the pure-minded men and women who have read your paper, and whose pure-minded hands you have held in yours while dispensing the bread of life from the angel world; in the name of that justice you have violated, the angels you have grieved, and the living reformers you have insulted. "We call on you to throw off the baleful influence of your surroundings." Bro. Jones and Wilson, "will you do it?" Will you come forth from the shadows and clouds overhanging you from this extraordinary, unprovoked, unnecessary, unjustifiable, wanton attack for which you have allowed yourself to become mediums, on account of your untoward surroundings, purer and better men; or will you "continue in error, losing caste here and hereafter?" Will you heed our call? We will endeavor to forgive you—to overlook every offense, we will take you by the hand, and permit you to stand by our august side, the same as if you were not the fallen creatures you are. Come brethren, let us hear from you. Are you really the fallen things your enemies represent, and that you seem to be from your utter disregard of the common decencies due to mediums not wholly infallible? Can you, will you clear yourself of these accusations that you may again stand by our immaculate side, and be hailed again as brother beloved? Or must we give you over to surroundings and conditions that shall forever separate you from the high, the noble, the grand self-conscious, self-sustained, self-asserting, self-constituted guides and censors of the New Dispensation? We await in sad, awful suspense and uncertainty the response to this our affectionate appeal.

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J. M. PEEBLES,
GEORGE A. BACON, } EDITORS.

A. A. WHEELLOCK, Managing Editor.

Spirit is causation.—"The spirit giveth life."—PAUL.
"RESOLVED, That we are Spiritualists, * * * and that any other prefix or suffix is calculated only to retard and injure us."

The Editors of this journal are not in the least responsible for the opinions, ideas, and theories, expressed or advocated, by Contributors and Correspondents. Nor will either Editor be responsible, for only such articles as have the initials of his name attached.

Understand It.—Subscriptions, Advertisements, etc., can be left with our agents at either of our Offices, or sent direct to the Central office—but all other business, and communications for insertion in THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, must be sent to A. A. WHEELLOCK, 29 Beckman St., New York City.

JOTTINGS.

Higgins' *Anaclypsis* is on the way of publication. J. H. W. Toohey will accept thanks for his frequent mention of it. Scholars and literary men appreciate such volumes. Higgins was seventeen years collecting the materials for his great work.

The Rev. J. H. Harter, of Auburn, New York, writes us: "I fully agree with what Emma Hardinge says, that 'bold and decisive steps should be taken to separate the noble and exalting philosophy of pure Spiritualism, from the shameless doctrines of sensual license that are being crowded upon it.'"

R. Augusta Whiting, sister of the lamented A. B. Whiting, is already winning golden opinions in the lecture field. She is a most estimable lady and highly inspirational. Just in the ratio that she is known, will her services be sought by our societies. During May she lectures in Albany New York.

English Spiritualism is assuming a theological aspect. Gospel bayonets bristle. The battle is trime, independent Spiritualists, Swedenborgian Spiritualists, and Christian Spiritualists. They agree, however, upon the central fact—Spirit Communion. Truth never shrinks from controversy.

The Lyceums of New York, Philadelphia, Washington,—and how many more we know not—are dead. Why?—Spiritualists, why? The failure lies not in the system inspirationally initiated by friend A. J. Davis—neither with the children. Oh! what a burning shame that even *one* Lyceum should dwindle and die.

Be just—strictly to yourself, ever conscious that self-justice lies at the very foundation of all justice. Project from your whole being, such a positive magnetism of goodness and righteousness as shall prevent others from being unjust to you. Self-justice and self-sacrifice are the golden keys that unlock the gates that lead to the Temple of God within. Keep them bright.

The Rev. Wm. Hume Rothery, an English clergyman, also believer in Spiritualism, residing near Manchester, England, is secretary of an "Anti-mourning Association," the purpose of which is to draw attention to the objectionable custom of wearing mourning garments for the dead. If there is no better way to rid society of the folly, such organizations should be established in this country.

The *Medium and Daybreak*, a splendid Spiritualist weekly, handsome in appearance and ably edited by Mr. Burns, of London, should have a generous list of subscribers in America. It gives stirring accounts of seances, with reviews and condensed statements of Spiritualistic movements throughout the British Kingdom. There are thousands of Spiritualists in this country—originally English and Scotch. These with multitudes of Americans, should become permanent subscribers. Address the publisher, James Burns, 15, Southampton Row, Holborn, London.

When in the gall of christian bitterness, determined to "know nothing but Christ—and him crucified," we occasionally exchanged pulpit exercises with the Rev. Mr. Cheney, a Universalist clergyman of Tompkins Co., N. Y., this was one of his favorite sayings: "The orthodox preach to keep the

people out of hell; but I preach to keep hell out of the people." Spiritualists consider this theologic hell of churchmen all a myth. Heaven and hell are only conditions. The mission of our lecturers is to enlighten the understanding, quicken the moral nature, demonstrate a future existence, inspire a genuine devotion, and incite to lofty endeavor.

The poet Cowper was a Spiritualist, gifted with clairaudience. His biographer says:

"The most important events of Cowper's latter years were audibly announced to him before they occurred. We find him writing of Mrs. Urwin's 'approaching and sudden death,' when her health, although feeble, was not such as to occasion alarm. His lucid intervals, and the return of his disorder, were announced to him in the same remarkable manner.

All poets, artists, geniuses—all seers and sages, leaving names on earth immortal, were media inspired of the gods.

Eleven millions of us, are there? How are our publications supported? Have we a sound, solid quarterly review? Have we an able monthly? Nothing of the kind. When reading the quarterlies and monthlies of the "liberal" denominations, and reflecting that we have nothing corresponding, a blush tinges our cheek. How long is this want—this condition of things to remain? Is that indefatigable worker, Emma Hardinge Britten, expecting to bring out the *Western Star*?

There is a soul-demand for such a periodical. Every Spiritualist journal, we are sure, would hail its appearance with delight. What's the prospect?

J. O. Barrett, a most excellent man, must cultivate deeper love for Universalists. He knows how tenderly we "love" this liberal (?) sect. In a late *Banner of Light* he deals them ample justice, of it, some of their denominational fossils may complain. Some of their clergy are thoroughly convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, but are too cowardly, too policy seeking to openly avow it. The Chicago *Republican* last fall describing the prominent Spiritualists of Chicago, had the following: "The Rev. G. T. Flanders is a man of forty-five. Resides at corner of Warren avenue and Robey street. Pastor of the Church of the Redeemer (Universalist). Been a Spiritualist fifteen years. Used to be a medium and trance-speaker. Also a healer. Professes to be able to read character and diagnose diseases."

Love, divine love, is life; while spiritual freedom is the element through which souls swim to the Isles of the Blest; conventionalities are the sand bars that line the way; and selfishness is the soul of sin, as self sacrifice is the crowning glory of virtue. The road to spiritual success winds through the valley of a rational humiliation, and often implies the surrender of ease, comfort, reputation, friends, home, wife, children, country, and life even, for the accomplishment of some grand aim or holy purpose. The sun ever shines, ever gives and never receives from us in turn; how softly, quietly, too, it sifts down its golden beams. So in the private walks of life, in sequestered vales, are frequently found the noblest self-sacrificing spirits of earth. Such seek retirement and shun the popular gaze. Angels best know them, and knowing, see that their wards, like Noah's dove, return; not merely with olive leaves, but olive fruit in blissful abundance.

J. M. P.

The Celebration in Boston.

The twenty-fourth anniversary of the advent of modern Spiritualism was celebrated at the Hub on the evening of April 1, with considerable eclat. Music Hall, the largest in the city, being engaged for the occasion.

Daniel Farrar Esq., a well known merchant and a liberal contributor to the free meetings, presided with grace and dignity over the literary part of the proceedings, which began at 7.30 and closed at 9 P.M. After a few preliminary remarks, a well executed overture by the popular band of T. M. Carter, the chairman introduced as the first invited speaker Prof. Wm. Denton, the radical iconoclast who spoke of the various changes which had taken place in this and other countries during the past quarter of a century. He was followed by Mrs. Nellie Bronson Palmer, Mrs. Fannie Conant, and Miss Jennie Leys. Owing to illness, Mrs. Britten and Miss Doten were unable to attend—a matter of no little disappointment to a large number.

This portion of the exercises were interspersed with music from the band, and singing by the Music Hall quartette.

The remainder of the evening, till midnight, was devoted to social converse and dancing. One thousand persons were estimated to be present. The proceeds which were supposed to be several hundred dollars over all expenses, went to the support of the Free Sunday meetings.

It was generally regretted that the speaking was not of a character more in consonance with, and better adapted to, the event which was sought to be commemorated. While the several addresses were commendably short and pithy, it was very apparent that each lacked an appropriate relevancy to the special occasion which had convened them together.

G. A. B.

Lyceum Meeting.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held last Wednesday evening, at the residence of Dr. Gross, 92 Eighth street, to take measures to organize a Children's Lyceum in New York at once. Thomas Gales Forster was in the chair. Several earnest speeches were made, when it was resolved to have a Lyceum. Meeting adjourned to meet at the same place in one week. It is to be hoped every Spiritualist in New York will be at the next meeting. Come early to get seats, A. A. W.

A "Stab" in the Present Age.

Several have called our attention to a paragraph in the *Present Age*, published by Col. D. M. Fox, reflecting upon some of the conductors of the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Here it is:

"THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, from which Mr. Hudson Tuttle recently withdrew, leaving J. M. Peebles in his late editorial position, has now as its assistant editor, George A. Bacon, of Boston, Mass. The more the influence of Mr. Bacon is felt in the paper, the more rapid will be its improvement. He is an industrious and careful writer, who without any great pretense, does some terse and useful work. He is also a critic in literary gems of the philosophic and spiritual kind. His compilations are consequently valuable.

It is to be hoped his sense of the need of courtesy, fairness, and magnanimity, may operate to reform some abuses in Spiritualistic journalism. That jealousy and envy may never characterize our movements in any particular, is most desirable, and Mr. Bacon or any other writer, speaker or medium, will be welcome to public life, just in proportion as they find it in their nature to avoid for themselves, and discourage in others, a course marked by actions biased by unworthy passions. But whatever course any one may take, our efforts still should be "with charity for all, and malice towards none for the right, as God gives us to see the right."

Could not Col. Fox have referred to the retirement of our friend Hudson Tuttle—friend by virtue of the "mystic tie," as well as in book-making and those genial sympathies growing out of a mutual belief in angel ministries—without a covert sneer? And could he not have eulogized George A. Bacon, who richly deserved *all* said, without a stab at others?

The Troy Society survived the late National Association of Spiritualists. So Spiritualism will survive the angularities and idiosyncracies of its devotees. It has ever been our aim in journalism to deal impartially with friends, and be just, even generous towards enemies. Twice during our two months in New Orleans, we took in our hand the *Banner of Light*, R. P. Journal, AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, *Present Age*, *Crucible*, with James Burns' *Human Nature*, *Medium* and *Daybreak*, speaking of them each and all fairly and manfully. Not referring to the pleasure in the doing, the interests of a great truth demanded it. We have done likewise in other localities—because, with the increasing millions of Spiritualists we felt there was room and need for all our journals.

The public is beginning to press the inquiry as to the practical outcome of Spiritualism. It has a right to so do. A Spiritualism that does not make the dishonest honest; the liar truthful; the sensualist pure-minded; the uncharitable charitable; the malicious mild-mannered; and impel the thief to "restore four-fold," is not worth the paper it spots.

To the paragraph in the *Present Age*, we offer no reply. Managing Editor is the legitimate field of Bro. A. A. Wheelock's operations. This position he is abundantly competent to fill, touching matters both financial and personal.

J. M. P.

Our associate has sent us the above, with the gentle hint that something is needed in our line. It has always been a motto with us, that if we said anything of a person, "we would speak of man as we find him."

We noticed the attempt at a *compliment*, considering all such references from that source as such, in the paper referred to, but did not deem one stray Fox game of sufficient consequence to notice, although like flies and fleas, there are small creatures of the human kind that become an annoyance, if no more. Besides, we have known that Fox a long time, and do not consider his *skin* worth the trouble of taking off, although we know there are a great many Spiritualists in Michigan and other parts of the country, who from sad experience, fully understand the *cunning ways* of this Fox, especially in money matters, and would be pleased to see a little "fur fly," or the *hide* itself removed; but pressed with more weighty matters, we decline attending to such a dirty job now.

"Fairness, courtesy and reform in Spiritualistic journalism" is needed, is it?

Certainly, "it is to be hoped," that the "reform" might commence with the "*Present Age*," and that the "reform" might be so "radical" as to place the *management* of that paper in the hands of an *honest man*, as there can be little hopes of reformation without honesty.

Our readers can judge, however, of the "sense" of "fairness, courtesy, and magnanimity," manifested by this model disciple of "reform"(!) when we give them the *FACTS*, as to the conduct of the *Present Age* in "Spiritualistic journalism," towards THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST.

Since we have had charge of this paper, there have been published in its columns *six* or *eight* favorable notices of the *Present Age*, written by Bros. Tuttle, Peebles and Bacon, and during almost three years, the only notice that has been made, the only notice of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST that has appeared in the *Present Age*, is the recent one, in which this matchless hypocrite attempts to insult two of the editors of this paper, while in the same paragraph, he has the impudence to talk of "reform, courtesy and fairness." Has there been any "fairness, courtesy," *honestly* or even *decency*, in the treatment THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST has received by the *Present Age*?

Hear this "magnanimous" lover of "fairness and courtesy" knowing all this as well as we do(!) "That jealousy and envy may never characterize our movements, in any particular, is most desirable." How "desirable" is it? What but "envy and jealousy" of the meanest kind has caused our paper not to receive a notice for three years, *refusing to publish, as we happen to know*, friendly and deserving notices of THE SPIRITUALIST, written by persons connected with the *Present Age*, but kept out by this great admirer of "courtesy and fairness," and who cries out for "reform" in "Spiritualistic journalism!" We think it is plain to be seen by this time, where the "reform" of common honesty is needed!

The Foxy reference, with pious cant, to that beautiful sentiment expressed by honest Abraham Lincoln, seems rather out of joint with such manifest unfairness; for how can there be "charity for all and malice towards none," with anything more than the mere pretense "for the right as God gives us to see the right," where the dishonest purpose to deal unfairly is expressed, to those who made several ineffectual efforts to have THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST noticed in the *Present Age*, as "courtesy, fairness," and common decency required.

Not a particle of that noble sentiment has this cunning Fox manifested! Why were those words used? Simply to deceive. No other purpose.

An honest man, however earnestly he may oppose us, we can respect, but a hypocrite we despise. We recognize honesty and fair dealing, as a basic principle for action, not profession, merely—in our Spiritualism, while we hold it to be a stern duty, to detest and denounce dishonesty, deceit and hypocrisy, in a professed Spiritualist, as soon as any one else!

A. A. W.

A Protest.

A. A. WHEELLOCK, Editor American Spiritualist:

I don't know when my subscription expires, but I thought I would not renew until you had got done offering "Woodhull and Claffin's Weekly." Would it not be well to let a "Woodhull" sail by itself instead of loading it on your craft? Spiritualism has the most to fear from its professed friends with their pet theories, which they advance in such a way that Spiritualism has to bear it, to its great damage. Victoria C. Woodhull, President of the American Spiritualist Association, makes speeches wherein she says she is a Spiritualist, and in that connection advocates free love, (or as some say, her improved mode of prostitution.) The same as has been charged upon us by our enemies, which we have constantly denied and taken great pains to prove false. But what can we, say now? I say that she has no right, and should not be allowed to take advantage of her accidental position to force her disgusting free love doctrines upon Spiritualism. But to my surprise and regret, I see your paper and the "Banner of Light," filled with Victoria C. Woodhull, and much space taken to white-wash and try to make out she did not mean what she said, or at least nothing wrong or bad by it, and that she was not understood. She speaks in unmistakable language, and it is understood too! And all the special pleading won't help it, nor hide it's iniquity. I am frequently accosted in this way, "Well, you Spiritualists can't any longer deny that you are free lovers, since you have elected Victoria President, and your papers sustain her doctrine." Victoria in the last "Banner" says to Spiritualists, "If you accept me it must be social freedom and all." Now I for one, wish it distinctly understood that I do not accept. But hereby enter my protest against loading Spiritualism down with any such stuff, and would respectfully request others who have the good of the cause at heart to do the same.

My best wishes for your welfare, and the success of your paper.

Yours truly, SILAS CROCKER.

SHALERSVILLE, O.

REMARKS:

The "protest" above of our venerable Bro., is a fair sample of the mistaken views many of our friends entertain regarding the position of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST upon personal matters. In answering our Bro. Crocker, for whom we entertain the highest respect, as we do others of our warm personal friends, let us answer all.

1st. We have no more to do with the conduct of "Woodhull and Claffin's Weekly," than we have with the "New York Tribune."

2d. We do "let a Woodhull sail by itself," nor has "Woodhull" been loaded on "our craft" that we are aware of. The reason is obvious. "Our craft" is an "iron-clad"—carry's only shot and shell—no freight. We have never been asked to "sail" or assist in sailing "a Woodhull," and our modesty is too great to even suppose that we could be of any assistance, so long as we have nothing whatever to do, in directing the course that "craft" shall sail in.

We would suggest in all kindness to "crafts" too small to follow in the wake of this fast sailing "Woodhull," that they be certain to keep clear of the track. Nor do we share the "fear" expressed by our Bro., of the "great damage" Spiritualism is to receive from the "pet theories" of its "professed friends!" Our view of Spiritualism is—that it is high enough—broad enough and deep enough, to carry successfully all "pet theories"—"side issues" and "isms," sifting, analyzing, crushing, absorbing, and finally consuming each, until humanity by these experiences, becomes educated, enlightened, spiritualized and elevated to a true comprehension of what the grand power of Spiritualism is, though high above all, yet it is for all and will finally save all.

If this broad humanitarian view of Spiritualism be accepted by our brother, then wherefore these fears? It is a fundamental principle with all Spiritualists, that they will do their own thinking, allowing no person to represent their opinions unless specially authorized.

Admit then, that Victoria C. Woodhull "is a Spiritualist," that she "makes speeches" and "advocates free love" or anything else! Has she not as good a right to as Bro. Crocker has to "protest?" Certainly. Does her advocating any particular opinion or views, be it "Social Freedom or Social Bondage," make her the representative of Silas Crocker, because he is a Spiritualist, any more than his "protest" makes him the representative of Victoria C. Woodhull, because she is a Spiritualist? Not at all.

Then, no matter what any individual Spiritualist may think

or say, unless having delegated authority, THEY CANNOT represent any other Spiritualist, much less the whole.

But our Brother assumes, that by virtue of her position as "President of the American Association of Spiritualists," she is a representative of the Spiritualists of this country, and whatever opinions on any subject they may have, especially "free love." Not only Bro. Crocker, but Hudson Tuttle and a few others, whose fears have become terribly exercised, because Victoria C. Woodhull has certain opinions of her own and the courage to advocate them, have set up this "Man of Straw," and doubtless may imagine they are doing Spiritualism a great service, by each one in turn pulling their "Straw Man" down. Put it up and pull it down as often as you please brethren, its only your "Man of Straw," after all.

To entirely dispose of the assumption, that the President of that Association is a representative in any sense of the opinions of Spiritualists, we have only to cite the fact, that Mrs. Woodhull's position is wholly and entirely executive. That there is nothing in the Constitution, By-laws or Statements of Principles, of the Association, or its action at Troy, in convention which attempts to invest its President, Secretary, Treasurer, or Executive Board, or all of them with any such power! If this be so, what can our venerable Brother mean, by saying that Victoria C. Woodhull "should not be allowed to take advantage of her accidental position to force her disgusting free love doctrines upon Spiritualism."

In the name of reason how can she "take advantage" of a "position" she does not hold? Again, is Spiritualism that weak, sickly, feeble thing, that this one woman can "force" "disgusting doctrines" upon it? Never! All the powers of earth and hell combined cannot "force" any thing upon Spiritualism. Spiritualism is natural, never unnatural, hence it can't be forced. Quite a difference between Spiritualists and Spiritualism.

Our Brother does not like to see anything in the *Banner of Light*, and our paper, favorable to Victoria C. Woodhull, for he considers it so "much space taken to white-wash and try to make out she did not mean what she said." What fairness or justice would there be in publishing all that certain persons desired to say against an individual or their opinions, and not admit anything in favor? We have simply opened the columns of this journal to the free discussion of principles and opinions—not persons!

Why cannot Victoria claim that those who "protest" are in the "white-wash" business, on their side of the question, "quite as much as those who write in favor of Mrs. W.?" This sitting in judgment on the motives of others is poor business.

Bro. C. finds "Victoria" saying to Spiritualists in the *Banner of Light*, "If you accept me, it must be social freedom and all." Bro. Crocker says, "I for one, do not accept!" Very well. That Bro. C. has an undoubted right to do. But he goes still farther—"enters a protest against loading Spiritualism down with any such stuff," and requests others to do the same." Here our Brother is doing the very thing he complains of Victoria C. Woodhull's doing! He is trying to "force" his opinions and get others to assist him. Has one Spiritualist any more right than another to express their opinions or "force" them upon Spiritualists? Certainly not!

Our Brother "respectfully requests others, who have the good of the cause at heart," to protest also! It is to be inferred by this that no one has "the good of the cause at heart," unless they join in such a protest!

Then our protest will be against the unwarrantable assumption as to who have "the good of the cause at heart!" We have no fears for Spiritualism. It needs no protests in its favor, nor can any number against effect it, or stay its onward march. Individual Spiritualists may be "loaded down with stuff," but Spiritualism, never! Let us not confound the two. Let us understand each other fully before we presume to judge upon what we may think their opinions to be. If we do this, though we may honestly differ, there will be less misrepresentation and hard feelings, and more charity, with a larger and constantly increasing inquiry after the truth.

We heartily reciprocate our Brother's good wishes, and hope for a mutual understanding, where no more protests will be required.

A. A. W.

Regretted.

We are sorry to learn of the illness of Mr. Lewis B. Wilson, the efficient assistant editor of the *Banner*—Bro. Colby's most indefatigable right hand man. For the past few days friend Wilson has been confined to his bed by a severe attack of rheumatism, which we earnestly hope will soon yield to curative treatment and wifely care.

This absence from the editorial sanctum of the *Banner* doubles the labor of Bro. Colby, who ordinarily does the work of two men, and for whom our own aching and overtaxed brain most feelingly sympathizes.

G. A. B.

Miss Jennie Leys.

This lady filled the desk at Music Hall, Boston, Sunday afternoon, March 24th, giving one of the finest and most spirited lectures of the season, and one too, full of the most prominent radicalism. Her subject was with reference to the political aspect of Spiritualism, and most masterly was it treated.

Like the majority of inspirational speakers, she is uneven—at times only mediocre, at other times emphatically brilliant, while her rounded sentences are marvels of strength and beauty. From her grand success in the brief past, we predict for her a career second to none, now before the public.

G. A. B.

Trickery Exposed.

DR. SLADE, THE MEDIUM.—A correspondent inquires "whether the Spiritualists uphold Dr. H. Slade, now that his trickery has been exposed?" Some of them do not, or at least they are waiting for him to explain the charges made against his mediumship. Mr. E. V. Wilson, a prominent Spiritualist, has an article in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, entitled "Plain talk to Dr. Slade," which closes thus:

"Are you the villain the New York *Sun* represents you to be, or can you clear your skirts of its charges? If you can, do it without delay."—*Investigator*, April 10.

The above, which we find in the Boston *Investigator*, shows how fully Bros. S. S. Jones and E. V. Wilson have played into the hands of the enemies of Spiritualism, in their recent and unjustifiable attack on Dr. Henry Slade! We hope they will feel proud of their work. It is quite questionable in our mind if any other Spiritualist in the country can be found, when they understand the facts, who would be willing to express any admiration for the course they have pursued in this matter. So they can have the glory all to themselves.

But we commiserate our friend Seaver, in his fruitless efforts to get something against Spiritualism! Evidently the *Investigator* was in high glee when it saw that "expose" of Dr. Slade in the New York *Sun*, but when the same batch of falsehoods and slanders were copied almost entire, in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, a Spiritualist paper, the delight of those sturdy old infidels must have been boundless!

It is too bad for our friends, that with such fine prospects of a good time in general rejoicing over the "exposure" of such a noted medium—the certainty of having a Spiritualist paper, like the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* and such notable persons as S. S. Jones and E. V. Wilson, as faithful, volunteer allies, to assist in retailing the vile slander—that it should so soon be changed, and their innocent amusement so soon interrupted by the publication of the facts in THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, *Banner of Light* and other papers, showing the whole story of Dr. Slade's "exposure" to have been a malicious, wanton, tissue of lies from beginning to end.

This having been proved, by abundant evidence from most competent, reliable witnesses, and published, not only in the two leading Spiritualist journals of the country, *Banner of Light* and AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, what, we ask, in the name of common honesty, can Horace Seaver mean, when "a correspondent enquires," in his own paper, "whether the Spiritualists uphold Dr. H. Slade, now that his trickery has been exposed," that he does not state the truth as it has been proven? Dr. Slade has been proven not guilty. You know it. Why don't you say so? Why don't you manifest the courtesy, fairness and justice which common honesty requires at the hands of all men for all men, and frankly say to your correspondent, "you are wrongly informed; no trickery has been proven against Dr. Slade. The reported "exposure" was a malicious falsehood, while our exchanges, THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST and *Banner of Light*, contain abundant testimony almost every week, to the effect that intelligent persons are constantly witnessing the marvellous phenomena it was said had ceased, but which, according to their evidence, is daily increasing in power?"

Why did you not give such answer rather than imply, by the doleful squib you have given, that there was still a lingering hope in your infidel bosom, that it might yet be shown he was the "trickster" claimed!

In support of this manifest feeling—so fair, so magnanimous, so just! (infidel justice we suppose), you quote three lines, from a whole column of most insulting tirade and abuse by "Mr. E. V. Wilson," published in his advertising corner of the *R. P. Journal*, whom you are pleased to call "a prominent Spiritualist," just as though the vulgar and insolent demand of the said E. V. would give a little weight against one whom, if possible, the Boston *Investigator* must assist to make out guilty of trickery!

This "prominent Spiritualist" quoted is also a "prominent" medium, who, in the use of his great medium powers, not but a few weeks since, witnessing these manifestations at Dr. Slade's, having his grand mediumship to assist him, providing his own brains were not sufficient in detecting trickery, reported and published to the world that the spirit of his own father appeared to him—that he examined everything carefully in the room—so that he knew Dr. Slade could not deceive him; that he talked with his father, (a feat, by the way, that masks are not in the habit of performing) all of which proves, if this "prominent Spiritualist's" word is any evidence at all, that Dr. Slade is not "the villain the New York *Sun* represents him to be."

Why did you not publish this "prominent Spiritualist's" testimony on this side of the question? We confess our surprise at the course pursued by the *Investigator* in this matter. Although earnestly opposed to Spiritualism, we have entertained a high respect for The Boston *Investigator* and those who conduct it, and are pained to see the columns of so able and independent a journal, stained with foul slanders against an honest man.

A. A. W.

BROOKLYN INSTITUTE.—The Spiritual lectures at this hall will be resumed on Sunday, the 14th, and will hereafter commence at 3 o'clock p. m. Mrs. Emma J. Bullene will occupy the desk until further notice. The Children's Progressive Lyceum continues its sessions in this hall at 10 a. m., on Sundays.

"THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST comes to us in a new dress and very much improved. It is a weekly paper of 16 pages, and is, as its name indicates, devoted to Spiritualism, Phenomenal and Philosophical. It is published in New York at \$2.50 in advance. Our friends can see copies at this office."—*The Eastern Advocate*, Georgetown, P. E. I.

Dr. J. Hamlin Dewey.

This gentleman lectured before the society of Spiritualists, at Cambridgeport, Mass., Sunday evening, April 7th, to an interested audience, upon "The Significance of the Spiritual Movement." At the close of the lecture, Dr. C. Wesley, the Scotch seer and test medium, stepped forward and gave numerous tests to strangers in the audience, of the presence of their spirit friends by giving names, the manner of their death, and such full descriptions as to leave no doubt of their complete identification.

The lecture and seance were so well received that their services were at once secured for future meetings. The subject for the next lecture is "Spiritualism Sustained by Science."

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.

We are in receipt of a letter from our excellent, earnest Sister, H. F. M. Brown, saying she is all packed for "Westward, ho!" to the Pacific Coast—or, as the red man would say, "to the setting sun." While we regret the absence from our midst, of such a noble, faithful worker, we are consoled with the assurance from Sister Frances, that she will correspond for THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, and receive subscriptions for the same.

Miss A. W. Baker, of Boston, accompanies her—they stop at Omaha—Ogden—a week in Salt Lake—then to San Francisco, and thence by steamer, five hundred miles down the coast to National City, San Diego Co., Cal., which will be her address, and from which remote point our readers will hear from this able correspondent. Blessings, and the guardianship of angels go with them, is our prayer.

A. A. W.

Complimentary.

We see it stated in our Eastern cotemporary that Lysander S. Richards, of Quincy, Mass., who has been delivering in that place a course of lectures on the sciences, was honored at the close of the series, by the hearty endorsement of his audience in the shape of a complimentary resolution, setting forth the satisfaction which they had received from his efforts to enlighten them, and commending him to the public at large as a conscientious and acceptable teacher.

In this connection we also note that another of our friends, O. P. Kellogg, Esq., whom we once met, and only once to our regret, has been similarly complimented with the brother mentioned above, at the close of a two month's engagement with the society at Port Huron, Mich., by the passage of a vote of thanks, and a public recommendation, all of which we can second and approve. If our Eastern societies could only be made to accept our judgment in the matter, many of them would immediately proceed to engage Bro. Kellogg as one of their first speakers for the next season.

G. A. B.

To All Whom it May Concern.

We are occasionally in receipt of a letter from persons who requested *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly* sent according to our advertised club rates, when they subscribed for THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, who have not yet received the *Weekly*, or do not get it regularly.

To all those friends and subscribers we would say:

1. As soon as any such name has been received at the office of the A. S., and entered on our books, it has been sent to the office of the *Weekly*, 44 Broad street, N. Y.

2. We have nothing whatever to do with the mailing of the *Weekly* to subscribers.

3. It will be seen, therefore, that if the *Weekly* is not received by those whose names have been sent in by us, the fault is not in the office of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST.

4. To remedy the difficulty, however, and save labor and expense, we respectfully ask those of our subscribers who are entitled to the *Weekly* and do not receive it, to drop a line to that office, 44 Broad street, New York, informing them of the fact, when, without doubt, the matter will be attended to promptly.

A. A. W.

Bro. Cephas B. Lynn's Affliction.

We but express the feeling of the entire spiritualistic fraternity, to whom Bro. Lynn is so well and favorably known, in saying that our holiest sympathies go out to him for the very sudden earthly loss of one of the dearest and tenderest of mother's whose presence and affection ever gladdened and enriched a home. Her mortal existence was severed on the morning of April 6th, after three short days of illness. Her age was just fifty. This event has stunned this community, to whom Mrs. Lynn was known as an unassuming, industrious and loving woman.

'Ere this present writing sees the light, we know the blow will have come with well nigh crushing power to poor Cephas. His mother was his earthly all in all—his companion as well as counsellor, so closely were they knit together. For her he has diligently labored, ever since his majority, hoping sometimes against hope, while patiently bearing the burdens and the cross of an itinerant of the Gospel of Spiritualism, to be able to place her some day in a home commensurate with her worth, and one expressive of his filial love. But her life trials are over. With sandalled feet she now walks the shore sands of immortal life, from whence a mother's love, as a sacred presence, will ever guard the mission of her darling preacher boy.

G. A. B.

Those excellent mediums, the Sherman family, will make their home in Cardington, Ohio, this season, and will respond to calls for manifestations given through their mediumship.

PERSONAL AND LOCAL.

C. Fannie Allyn speaks in Worcester the Sundays of this month.

Bro. Cephas B. Lynn is speaking in Louisville, Ky., during this month.

Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook is engaged to lecture in Louisville, Ky., during May and June.

Read the excellent Anniversary poem of Col. J. C. Smith, our corresponding editor at Washington, on first page.

A. A. Wheelock speaks in Springfield, Mass., the 21st inst. and attends the two day's meeting at Utica, N. Y., the 27th and 28th.

Read the able addresses of Robert Dale Owen and Cornie H. Maynard, in this number, delivered on the anniversary of Spiritualism. They are able and instructive.

Our old friend, Prof. J. W. Garter, formerly of Michigan, has come to New York to live. His services can be secured for lectures. Address, care of this office.

The article from our associate Bro. Peebles, in regard to his recent most satisfactory seance with Dr. Slade, is received, but too late for this number, it will appear next week.

Shall we have a Lyceum in New York? "That's the question" now with some! We vote "Yes." What say the live Spiritualists of this little village? No use to ask the dead.

Mrs. Nettie C. Maynard has been engaged to speak at the two days' meeting of the New York Central Association of Spiritualists, to be held at Utica, the 27th and 28th inst.

Eli F. Brown is working in Indiana this month. He will go to Kansas City in May to organize a Lyceum. He writes us that several new Lyceums will be organized in the West this spring.

Bro. George White, of Washington, has mixed a small dose for Jones, Wilson & Co., it may cause some wry faces, still we suspect they had better take it. It is intended for their good of course.

We received a friendly call from Bro. A. J. Davis the other day. He was in good health and excellent spirits, hopeful and earnest as ever in the good cause. Bro. Davis and his noble wife, have been spending most pleasantly a few weeks in Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia, returning for the present, to Orange, N. J., where he can be addressed.

We call special attention to the able editorial, which we copy from *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*, setting forth in plain terms, the infamous manner in which S. S. Jones and E. V. Wilson have, without cause, assailed the character and mediumship of Dr. Slade. If these Brothers have the courage to stand up before that mirror, they will see themselves for once, in the language of Burns, "As others see us." We hope they will have the courage and the good sense to take a good square look.

A. A. W.

VOICES OF CORRESPONDENTS.

WEST RICHFIELD, Ohio.—Our dear friend, H. E., says: DEAR BROTHER WHELOCK.—Enclosed please find five dollars, which I send to aid you in publishing your paper. I have read your paper for the last eighteen months, and I would not miss it now for twice five dollars. I am sorry that I did not notice your call for aid before.

PORTAGE, Wis.—Our kind sister, Mrs. Sarah Rice writes: BRO. WHELOCK.—Enclosed you will find \$2.50 for AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST and *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*. When you was with us one year ago I subscribed for the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST as an act of courtesy but it has now become a part of our daily spiritual bread, or soul food. Accept many, many good wishes for your future success and prosperity.

SPRINGFIELD, Vt.—T. G. Dickerman writes: "MESSRS EDITORS. We have been favored during the month of February with a couple of very interesting and instructive lectures delivered by the highly endorsed medium, Mrs. Sarah Helen Matthews. The arguments were clear and logical, her manner graceful, which renders her an eloquent and impressive speaker. We gave a vote of thanks to this excellent lady for her noble efforts to impart a spiritual influence and lending a light in the right direction for the cause of truth in this bigoted church-bound community. We do not believe there is another town in New England as noted for its bigotry and superstition—but truth is mighty, and will prevail."

LE ROY, N. Y.—The following words of genuine sympathy from our earnest Brother, Bishop A. Beals, whose frequent poetic contributions assist to make our paper so readable, is duly appreciated:

DEAR BROTHER WHELOCK.—We hail with gladness the appearance of your out-spoken SPIRITUALIST and we pray that its bright face may never be missing from the grand galaxy of noble workers. We deeply commiserate you and your brave companion in your recent illness and trust that healing from the angel world have reached you and filled you with a strength heretofore unknown. Be assured that in my limited way I shall ever work to extend the circulation of your paper, a paper which I esteem among the first in the army of Progress. I am about winding up my labor in this place for the present, having succeeded in forming a society and a deeply increasing interest among many of the church members, as well as reformers. I have engaged to return here during May and June, to speak in a town called Linden and this place.

I should be glad to see my name in your register, if you can accommodate me.

I hope soon to aid you by sending you new subscribers.

NEW ORLEANS, La.—J. W. ALLEN writes: We have had a committee appointed to superintend getting a hall and pre-

sending a programme for the 24th anniversary of Spiritualism. Minerva Hall has been secured, and F. Millener, M. D. has volunteered to deliver an address in the evening. We have the mysterious man here, C. H. Read, who has been holding seances at private houses with satisfactory results. He thinks of giving some public exhibitions of the wonderful power which operates through his organism. I hope he will, as we need something to stir up old theology, &c.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—The following letter of earnest sympathy from Sister Cornie H. Maynard, is a fair sample of many others we have received but have not space to publish. Our gratitude to such friends cannot be expressed in words:

DEAR FRIENDS: I am sorry to bother you in the least, when you are so pressed with cares, but I want to tell you I am proud of "our" paper, and "dear wife" too, for I know it is to her energy and careful attention that it owes much of its improved and constantly improving appearance. Oh! she is a noble little woman, and how I do love her, for the beautiful manner in which she performs her mission. Earnest, and truly a worker, blessings will be showered upon her head. I am so sorry to hear of Brother Wheelock's illness, but I had feared as much, knowing how zealously he worked and how little rest he gave himself. It will not do, brother; you must think now and then of number one, and not take upon yourself cares or responsibilities more than is consistent with your strength. You are doing too great and grand a work to be cut short in any way; so do take better care of yourself, or you will wish you had. I shall try to get a response to your appeal by getting more subscribers; and I do hope others will "show their faith" in the good cause, "by their works."

BURLINGTON, IOWA.—Our old friend and brother, E. W. Forbes, whom we knew in Cleveland as a wide awake, faithful Spiritualist, writes us the following encouraging words from Burlington, Iowa, whither he went about a year ago, and established himself in business:

Aside from his generous promise of assistance, we were most happy to hear from our brother, and wish that our cause had no less earnest, faithful worker than he. Rest assured, William, if we ever come within "speaking distance" of Burlington, Iowa, you will hear a noise, for we shall endeavor to "kindle" such a "flame" in the prairie stubbles of orthodoxy, that will singe it some if it does not consume it.

A. A. W.

BURLINGTON, IOWA, March 25, 1872.—A. A. WHELOCK.—DEAR BROTHER.—Some time ago I wrote you, but directed to Cleveland, Ohio. I have not heard any further from it. It is my intention to advance you some money on subscription, in answer to your appeal. This I will do in a few days. We have the nucleus of a society started here under the name of the Philosophical Society. Meetings Wednesday evenings and Sunday afternoons. A good lecturer would do us good, as a fine field is open here; but we are not strong enough to employ one yet, and every one seems afraid to venture out. There are neither speakers or mediums here, and Spiritualism is almost unknown. I have often wished BROTHER WHELOCK would happen along, and with one of his incendiary speeches, kindle the flame; for the tinder is very dry, and the result would be awful to old orthodoxy! If you should happen this way, or know of any good brother or sister going west and likely to pass us, tell them they can rest here on their journey and be sure of entertainment, and although the financial department is unorganized, the prospect is that a fair compensation could be realized. We have no hall rented, but have a society room. There are a few influential men here who privately espouse the cause, and who, in our present condition, do not connect themselves with us, but would come down with the lucre if we could announce a good lecture, and after a lecture we could organize more completely. This is our present status. We cannot call a lecturer, but are confident a visit would meet with success to all concerned.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE TO-MORROW OF DEATH; or, the future Life According to Science. By Louis Figuier. Translated from the French by S. R. Crocker. Roberts Bros. For sale by Lee & Shepard.

An eminent Frenchman, Louis Figuier by name, has recently written a very note-worthy book under the highly suggestive title which stands at the head of this article, wherein the relations existing after the physical change denominated death, are discussed with a freedom and a graphic minuteness, rarely equalled and never surpassed.

The public press have given the work every possible shade of criticism—agreeing with the status of the writer. The book in question is scientific and spiritualistic throughout—having to deal with speculations, views and theories more or less common to the acceptors of Darwinism, Swedenborgianism, the Reincarnationist and the Spiritualist.

An interesting chapter might be written, if one was so inclined, concerning that class of very respectable journals whose mental and moral attitude are never higher than the common level of popular appreciation, and who seek to echo the supposed sentiments of their most ordinary reader when they encounter a work like this, one out of the usual order. A flip-pant writer in the Boston Journal whose status is of the character here indicated, thus writes his opinion of "The To-morrow of Death:"

Every one is familiar with the old pagan theory concerning the foundations of the earth, which gave to it one support based upon another, until it reached an elephant with its feet planted upon a tortoise; and then, with wise anticipation of possible questionings, declared that it would be impious to seek to go further. It is a coincidence that most of the theories of our modern pagans end in the same way—with a tortoise resting on nothing. Eminently is this true with M. Figuier, who, it must be confessed, reaches the tortoise very early in his discussion. There is something gravely mathematical, confident and authoritative in his manner; something fairly audacious in his assumption of knowledge, which is at times amusing, at times offensive, and never satisfactory. He unveils the solemn mysteries of the life to come as gayly and gracefully as he would break open the cocoon of a silk worm. What he states he states rather as facts than theories.

Let us review briefly some of the results of his reasoning.

In order that the human soul, after the agony of death, may rise into the realm of ether where superhuman beings have their home, it must have first freed itself from all the stain and guilt and grossness of sin. If it be not in this purified condition, it remains upon the earth and becomes incarnate in another body. Entering thus upon a second life, with all the meanness and littleness which it had at the close of its first, it yet has no recollection of its previous existence. Seeing that this would be equivalent to annihilation, an idea he has previously condemned, M. Figuiet hastens to introduce the theory, manufactured for the emergency, that when the spirit, after undergoing an indefinite number of reincarnations, at length attains the superhuman state, the recollection of all its previous existences, with their multitudinous sins, crowds its memory and abides with it in all the bliss of its new estate, as a kind of punishment. Evidently not wholly pleased with this result of his reasoning, he endeavors to make it more acceptable by saying that it is preferable to the Christian hell, which is "atrocious and absurd." It is the doctrine of eternal punishment which he finds so abhorrent. But is his complacency well founded? Is his own theory anything less than "atrocious and absurd?" What has he fashioned for us, after all, but an eternity of punishment? The word is one of his own choosing. The memory of the accumulated sin of all its past existences is to remain with the soul "as punishment," and he gives no hint of possible relief from this haunting, overshadowing remorse, this accursed brood of dark and wretched recollections which is to make up the spirit's heritage. Are we pardonable if we see something more hopeful in the Christian faith, which holds that the blood of the Son of God may avail so perfectly in the cleansing of sin that even the memory of old transgressions will be powerless to afflict the glorified soul? Nor is the objection we have hinted at the only one that may be made to M. Figuiet's theory. Under it there is no such thing as perfect happiness in the hereafter for any except the souls whose previous existences have been literally and absolutely sinless! How many of these are there likely to be? Ah, M. Figuiet, You have reached the tortoise.

It would not be uninteresting to follow the author in his speculations concerning the dwellers in the planets; and the reasoning by which he finally arrives at the conclusion that the sun is the home of superhuman spirits. A mere allusion to his lucid explanation of the origin of life will be sufficient to show the grotesque absurdity of his arbitrary dicta. Life originates, according to M. Figuiet, in consequence of the sun's rays falling upon the earth and water, and depositing germs of life which emanate from the spiritualized beings whose home is in the sun. From these germs come plants and zoophytes. At the death of these the germ passes into the body of an animal—that next to it in the scale; at length becomes man, and after successive reincarnations, a "superhuman being."

The book is simply science run mad. It is instructive; but only as showing the wildness of the vagaries of which self-styled philosophers are capable. No book of recent issue has promised so much and accomplished so little; no author, known and respected for scientific requirements, ever before wove such a tangled web of crazy and chaotic dreams.

Delayed.

The following sad notice sent us by Sister Brown, came a couple of weeks since in a letter of date March 12. Owing to our sickness it was mislaid or it would have appeared before. We had not the pleasure of Mrs. Turner's acquaintance, but if she possessed, in a limited degree, any of the rare qualities bestowed by nature so abundantly on her sisters, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Norris and Lou. H. Kimball, the world has lost a worker here, and humanity a friend in the earthly form. The poem shows a mind of no ordinary cast. We hope to meet her, with her sisters, in the "Sweet by and bye."

We extend to them our heartfelt sympathy: A. A. W.

OBITUARY.—MRS. L. OLIVIA TURNER.

It is with the saddest feelings that we announce the death of the wife of Judge T. G. Turner, which took place at his residence last Saturday morning after a brief illness. Her disease was Typhoid Pneumonia, and she was not considered dangerous over twenty hours before her death. Mrs. Turner's maiden name was Morrill. She was born in New Hampshire in 1826. In 1844 she became a resident of Cleveland, and three years later was married to Mr. Turner. They came to this city in 1855, staying but a few years, however, then removed here again in 1867. Her remains were interred in the cemetery at Cleveland, beside those of a son who died years ago.

One meets with few such women as Mrs. Turner. Gifted with a highly intellectual organization and a great individuality of character, possessing remarkable literary attainments, she might have won a fame second to none of the lady writers of the day. But she found her chief pleasure in a quiet and domestic life, filled with acts of tender benevolence; going down among the lowliest to do good even as He went down.

As an evidence of her talents as a writer of poetry, we publish the following lines found among her manuscript since her death, but evidently written many years ago:

THE DYING WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

TO BE ESPECIALLY REMEMBERED.

Shed not a bitter tear when I am gone,
Nor grieve that thou art left alone,
With hope in love and virtue put your trust,
When she who loved you well is turned to dust.

Behold my remains away to some lone spot,
That I by treacherous hearts may be forgot;
And rear no costly slab above my head,
But deck with choicest flowers my lowly bed.

'Twill be enough for me to pass away
Like some neglected flower born to decay;
'Tis all the fame I ask; that I may rest,
Where sorrows never come nor ills molest.

Take my extended hand! I'm dying now;
Already death's cold sweat is on my brow.
Farewell! We soon shall meet on that blessed shore
Where sickness, pain and death are felt no more.

Certificates.

We are well acquainted with Mrs. Caroline Tibbits, and take pleasure in recommending her as a worthy woman, and superior clairvoyant and magnetic healer.

H. T. BROWN, M. D.,
FRANK A. BROWN,
COLDWATER, Mich.

This certifies that we are acquainted with Mrs. Caroline Tibbits of Jackson, Mich., and that we cordially recommend her to the public as a lady worthy of confidence, and as possessing magnetic healing powers of a high order.

F. A. BENHAM, M. D.,
HANNAH BENHAM,
BRONSON, Mich.

This certifies that my son twelve years of age, was cured of neuralgia of the optic nerve by Mrs. Tibbits in two treatments, after being treated by medical experts.

I believe her to be a good clairvoyant, and skillful magnetic healer.

LEWIS TALMADGE,
COLDWATER, Mich.

This certifies that I had suffered from a gunshot wound, and that gangrene and sluffing had commenced when Mrs. Tibbits was called, her treatment without medicine has restored me to soundness.

JOHN A. HUBBELL,
JACKSON, Mich.

We certify that the above statement of our son is substantially true, and that also our son George who was similarly wounded was also successfully treated by Mrs. Tibbits. We consider her a good clairvoyant, and magnetic healer.

JOHN HUBBELL,
CLARISSA HUBBELL.

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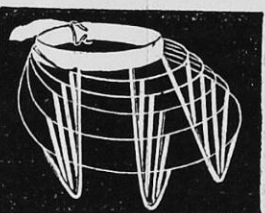
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CLAPLIN'S WEEKLY. 94

Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith.
This lady, who has spent six years in California, re-
ceiving the highest encomiums from the press of the
Pacific coast, cannot fail to please Associations desir-
ing an earnest, eloquent and entertaining lecture.
SUBJECTS:
I.—Woman in the Home, the Church and the State.
II.—One of the World's Needs.
III.—The Religion of the Future.
IV.—The Social Problem Reviewed.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.
To those who have not heard this lady lecture, we
would say, go by all means if you would desire to
hear an earnest, well-spoken discourse, with an un-
broken flow of well-pronounced, grammatical Eng-
lish. We have our own ideas about woman's mission
and how far she unsexes herself when she ventures to
lecture men, yet spite of our prejudice we were car-
ried away by her words last evening at Maguire's
Opera House.—*San Francisco News Letter.*
This lady pronounced a remarkable address last
night at the Hall opposite the Academy of Music.
Remarkable because of the extreme beauty of lan-
guage and opulence of fancy, and interesting on ac-
count of its tender and grateful sentiment.—*The Daily
American Flag, San Francisco.*

She never hesitated an instant for a word, and she
has always the most appropriate. Her voice is sweet
and melodious, her enunciation pure and distinct, her
attitude and gestures very graceful indeed.—*Sacra-
mento Correspondent Santa Clara Argus.*

Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith gave an interesting and
instructive lecture last night to a large assemblage at
Maguire's Opera House, which if delivered by some
peripatetic male pedagogue with a large reputation,
at a dollar per head admission, would have received
unbounded eulogiums from the press.—*San Fran-
cisco Examiner.*

Laura Cuppy Smith, one of the best educated and
most talented lady lecturers we have ever listened to.
—*San Francisco Figaro.*

Mrs. Cuppy Smith possesses great talent as a
speaker, and, standing before her audience in her
simple, yet elegant attire, with a spirituelle face, which
seems to index the emotions of her mind, commands
the attention and respect of all her hearers.—*San
Francisco Morning Call.*

Maguire's Opera House never contained a greater
throng than convened to listen to an erudite lecture
on Radicalism, by Laura Cuppy Smith, last evening.
—*Alta California, San Francisco.*

Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith has proven herself to be a
lady of rare culture, added to great natural eloquence.
To say that she ranks among the first of all who have
addressed an Omaha audience, whether male or fe-
male, is but doing her justice.—WM. L. PEABODY,
Chairman Relief Committee Y. M. C. Association.—
Omaha Republican.

Walking majestically through the splendid gardens
of literature and philosophy, culling, as she went rap-
idly on, the richest gems of inspired genius; riveting
the profound attention of all her charmed hearers.
Such women you seldom meet. Her praises are on
the tongues of all the people.—*Omaha Tribune.*

She is a fluent speaker, using elegant language,
and with far more than ordinary argumentative pow-
ers.—*Omaha Herald.*

She is an educated, refined lady, and one of the best
lecturers we ever heard.—*Omaha Republican.*

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Lucille of Paradise.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

One of earth's early dead leaned out
From the calm depths of heaven;
Her soul was like the silvery light
Of a still summer even;
So brightly pure, and full of peace,
A life on high had given.

A bunch of roses, pink and white,
Below her glistening throat,
Fastened the loose folds of her robe,
Which always seemed to float.
A silvery harp was in her hand,
That gave no music-note.

But traced upon the slender frame,
In lucent flowery dyes,
I saw the fair young angel's name—
"Lucille, of Paradise."
A thousand tender mysteries
Seemed sleeping in her eyes;—

Dim shadows of strange days since death,
Trembling with sweet surprise;
How strange at first, Heaven's majesties
Swept past her timid eyes;
And when saints paused to speak to her,
How could she make replies?

It cost her something just to tell
The holy ones her name,
And how some woe, or weal, befel,
Which was the why she came;
She hoped she tried to love Christ well
And should not meet God's blame.

She ventured, in a mournful way,
It was too soon for her
To leave the fair earth, and her home,
Where all who loved her were,
She was unschooled, and who would be
Wisdom's interpreter?

Her music was but just begun,
She could not sing well yet,
All things which she had tried to learn
Were thick with errors set;
She hoped in meeting charity
The saints would not forget.

And then the angels 'round about,
Came near like loving friends,
Expressing how in heaven's bright lands,
Our study never ends,
But nearer unto perfectness
Each year the spirit tends.

And she should learn all God's great truths,
All beauteous things and sweet,
Until her life was rich and strong
And splendidly complete.
She should walk heart to heart with gods,
Not kneel about their feet.

So it was after many years
Of holy life on high,
That meltingly, as in fair dreams,
I saw her in the sky.
Ah, waits there such a blessed fate
For all who early die?

Principles and Platform of the Internationals.

- 1st. The total abolition of all grants and privileges to classes and monopolies.
- 2nd. A reduction of the hours of toil, so that every able-bodied adult may perform a just share of the work required by the Society.
- 3d. The issuing of currency by the Government alone, to be a legal tender and bear no interest.
- 4th. Nationalization of Land and the implements of Labor, Railroads, Canals, Gas Works, Telegraphs, Expresses, &c., and the organization of every department of production and distribution; supplying the necessities of life at cost, and guaranteeing direct employment to the people, on the basis of equal compensation; thus superseding the fraudulent system of contracts furnishing a remedy for strikes and dealing a death-blow to monopolies.
- 5th. Officials to receive their commissions direct from the people, thereby abolishing the corrupt system, Executive appointment; and the names of competent applicants for Government employment to be drawn by lot from a wheel.
- 6th. Every facility for the acquisition of useful secular knowledge, to be guaranteed by the Government, and free to all.
- 7th. Complete Political and Social Equality to all, without regard to nationality, sex or condition.
- 8th. The abolition of standing armies, as provocative of war.
- 9th. No interference with, or preference for religious opinions.
- 10th. The right of the living generation to an equal inheritance of the products of past generations.
- 11th. Special privileges, grants and class laws being abolished, and the interests of the people united, but few general laws would be required; and in order to prevent centralization of power and monopoly on the part of Government officials, the law of the Referendum must be established, whereby the people shall be convened semi-annually to ratify or reject the acts of their public agents.

The Indians are being vaccinated by the hundred. Only keep this up, from arm to arm, taking the virus from rotten soldiers, and in a few years Mr. Lo will fade away like the melting snow.

BRIEFS.

The estimated value of the property of the Established Church in England is more than \$820,000,000.

The Indianapolis *Journal* has a local editor who is the champion runner in a three-square race for a \$1.50 advertisement.

There was no outbreak in Paris though one was expected, by way of celebrating the beginning of the Communists war in 1871. All was quiet all over France.

We hear that our Supreme Court is about to be called upon to decide whether, under the prohibitory law, a man has a right to keep a crow-bar.—*Exchange, Mass.*

The local editor of an Illinois paper says that he does not depend upon journalism for his daily bread, but raises hens; which moves an envious rival to ask whose hens he raises?

Speaking of crowds, the *London Saturday Review* says that Mr. Darwin has not yet arranged the precise line of our ancestry, but a good deal that is singular in human nature would be explained, if it could be proved that one of our remote ancestors was a sheep.

The English alphabet has 26 letters, the French 25, the Italian 20, Spanish 27, German 26, Slavonic 42, Russian 35, Latin 23, Greek 24 (16 until 403 B. C., when the 24 Ionic characters were introduced), the Hebrew 22, the Arabic 28, Persian 32, Turkish 28, Sanscrit 44, Chinese 214.

A church down in Old Berlin, in Central Illinois, has dismissed its pastor, because he became a convert to and a promulgator of the dogma of "entire sanctification." The members of his church did not want a pastor so wonderfully sanctified that they couldn't touch him. They are now looking for a man who is not so near perfection—one after their own hearts.—*Boston Globe.*

ABUSING DOLLY VARDEN.

BY E. H. KELLOGG.

'Twas Sunday morn and Sol was brightly beaming,
As if to scatter earthly toil and scheming,
While piercing shafts from sparkling eyes were peeping,
And "Dolly Varden's" dusty flags were sweeping.
'Twas near Grace Church, 'neath whose majestic portal
I spied a form I thought at first immortal.
A maiden fair, with blushes like the roses
That decked her jockey midst attendant posies;
But, sad to say, a most fantastic stricture
Was shed upon the bearings of the picture,
Which hurled the thoughts that first had soared celestial,
Pegasus like, again to things terrestrial.
Behind the maid, somewhat below her bonnet,
Sarg'd her bustle with a missal on it;
Some knavish imp, the sacred precinct scorning,
Had placed the book there, on that Sabbath morning.

A WOMAN'S COLUMN.

It is said that every woman appears different to every man, and every nature has its separate watchword, which answers to one and will not respond to another.

The reading-room of the Woman Suffrage Association, which is to be at New Haven, and not at Hartford, will be supplied with papers having a bearing upon natural science and political economy.

The Elmwood (Illionis) *Chronicle* thus sums up the net results of the winter's revival at the Bateman schoolhouse: Five supposed "converts," sixty-three bad colds, nineteen ladies refuse any longer to obey their mothers, the morals of fourteen boys more or less corrupted, and one hundred and twenty-three flirtations.

Stringer, a former Radical Senator in the Georgia Legislature, and who now lives at Gainesville, lost his wife recently, and married again—six days after her death. The valiant Stringer commenced the honeymoon by chastising his better half, who thereupon returned to her *pater*. Stringer now has a board upon which the words "Come home; come home, my dear wife," are painted, nailed upon his front fence, but Mrs. Stringer can't "see it."

The new New York divorce bill allows as a cause for limited divorce, "such conduct on the part of the husband toward the wife as shall, without just cause, deprive her of the society of her relatives or friends, or of attendance upon public worship, or shall designedly render her life unhappy or uncomfortable."

Nineteen persons were baptized in Horse Shoe pond, near Concord, N. H., a few days ago, ice eighteen inches thick being cut away for the purpose. One of the women fainted, and all had to be hurried to a neighboring house to save their lives. Conversion in New Hampshire in the winter season has its perils.

A new Chinese temple was recently consecrated in San Francisco, with no less than seventy-five gods, two of which are twenty feet high and correspondingly large. This is paganism literally at our own doors.

We copy the above from a religious paper published in Boston, and would ask, in all candor, if it is any greater evidence of paganism on the part of the Chinese in San Francisco to worship the creations of their hands, as gods, than for their Protestant neighbors to worship as God the creations of their own minds, which invest Deity with attributes which, if possessed by human beings, would convert them into incarnate fiends?—*Haverhill (Mass.) Tri-Weekly Publisher.*

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